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THE ARYAN PATH

**Point out the "Way" — however dimly,
and lost among the host — as does the evening
star to those who tread their path in darkness.**
—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XXXI APRIL 1960 No. 4

STAND STILL

[**Bhadanta Bhikshu Sangharakshita,** author of *A Survey of Buddhism*, has made many admired contributions to our pages. He writes penetratingly of the nature of our experience of time and of how we might attain to what has been called the Eternal Now.—ED.]

BUDDHI, it has been well said, is that which makes one out of two; *Manas,* that which makes two out of one. The former is the faculty of integration and unification, the latter that of diffusion and differentiation.

From *Manas,* the differentiating principle, two modes of differentiation arise: one between phenomena as existent simultaneously, the other between phenomena as existent in succession. The first, considered objectively, is space; the second, time. Inasmuch as *Manas* is the highest *operative* principle of human consciousness, our experience ordinarily takes place within the framework of these two categories.

Time is threefold: past, present and future. If we analyze these three tenses, however, we shall discover an important difference between past and future time, on the one hand, and present time on the other. This difference may be briefly expressed by saying that whereas the present is perceived the past and the future are only conceived. In other words, past and future are never directly experienced; all we actually experience is the present. Past and future exist only as concepts.

The possibilities of human experience are immense. They range, as regards our relation to time, from a state of present-time experience unsullied by either conceptual constructions of past and future or the emotions based upon them, to a state so heavily overlaid with such constructions that present-time is hardly perceived at all.

Now it is obvious that experience of duration, of the passage of time, depends upon the concepts of time as past and time as yet to come: in

the unalloyed perception of present-time there is no sense of duration. Hence to the extent that we can live spiritually in the present we are no longer conscious of the shortness of human life, or obsessed with a longing either for its prolongation or for personal immortality; for desire is possible only with regard to a past or a future, that is to say, a conceptual object, but not with regard to what is actually present and perceived.

Through the concepts of past and future, which constitute their common foundation, the sense of duration and desire are closely interconnected. We find, indeed, that an acceleration of the one results in an intensification of the other, and *vice versa*.

A recent news item informs us that it is now possible to fly from Bombay to London in eight hours. Within a few months, perhaps, human beings will be rocketed to the moon and back at enormous speeds. Even humbler folk, who cannot afford a seat in a jet-propelled Boeing aircraft, frequently travel long distances at speeds which their great-grandparents would have considered incredible.

What is the effect of this acceleration of the speed at which we can travel—indeed of the pace at which we now live—on the general human consciousness?

Physical speed and the sense of duration being intimately related, the more quickly we are able to do anything the less time there appears to be in which to do it. Conversely, the less time there appears to be in which to do a thing, the more quickly we desire to do it, whether the action concerned be that of travelling or anything else. Such is the vicious circle in which a rapidly increasing section of the human race now finds itself involved. In the experience of time, there would seem to operate a principle analogous to the Law of Diminishing Returns in economics, in accordance with which the more time-saving devices are placed at one's disposal the more pressed for time one becomes. Under such conditions the activities of twentieth-century humanity are increasingly characterized by a feverish haste which eventually results in physical exhaustion, nervous strain and mental breakdown.

Angulimala the bandit, pursuing the Buddha along the jungle path with drawn sword, found himself in a similar predicament. However fast he ran, he was unable to catch up with the Enlightened One, though the latter was walking at a slow, dignified pace. Eventually, exhausted by his efforts and terrified at the inexplicable phenomenon, he called to the Master to stand still. Back came the reply, "I am already standing still (*i.e.*, have attained *Nirvana*); it is you who are running (*i.e.*, round and round in *Samsara*, impelled by the force of ignorant desire)."

The more desperately we strive to catch up with the future the more it eludes our grasp. Like Angulimala, we have to listen to the exhortation of the Buddha—to the voice of our own immanent Buddhahood—and learn simply to "stand still" at all levels of our being, both physical and mental. This can be done, initially, only by becoming aware that we are running. Awareness of speed, of duration, of the three tenses, eventually enables us to realize that past and future are concepts only. With this realization comes about a subsidence, a calming down and dying away, of all those emotions—desires and fears, anxieties and regrets—which are based on these concepts. We begin to live in the present in the true spiritual sense, and, thus living in the present unobsessed by the passage of time, find that we have time enough in which to do all things. Having reached such a state of awakened *Buddhi*, we shall be able to board a jet-propelled Boeing, if circumstances so require, or even go for a week-end on the moon, with the same unruffled composure, the same freedom from all sense of haste, with which we walk at night in our garden among the fragrance of tranquil flowers.

BHIKSHU SANGHARAKSHITA

PEACEMAKERS

THE WORLD horror aroused by the tragedy of *apartheid* injustices in South Africa and brought into stark prominence by the mass shooting at the Negro crowd, women and children included, at Sharpeville last March, should not be allowed to remain a mere emotional response. But equally, a reaction of violent retaliation against, or blind, instinctive repudiation of, the offenders, can only lead to further harm. And it is good to see, in various countries, the endeavours to diagnose the root of such violence and to put the constructive opposite, the Gandhian technique of *Satyagraha*, into practice. The summer school of the Peace Pledge Union, to be held at Swansea, South Wales, August 13th-20th, will survey "Violence — Its Causes and Remedies" from various points of view, that of personal relationships, crime and punishment, racial and international relations generally. In the U.S.A., "Peacemakers," of Washington, have a training programme planned for August 20th-September 4th, with actual practice in the technique of non-violent resistance, as well as discussion of the forms and character of violence, and the practical remedies.

The list of books recommended as preparation for the "Peacemakers" programme is:—

Essay on Civil Disobedience — Henry David Thoreau
The Kingdom of God Is Within You — Leo Tolstoy
The Power of Non-Violence — Richard B. Gregg
The Wall Between — Anne Braden
Child of Our Time — Michel del Castillo
Prison Etiquette — C. and D. Rainer (Ed.)

Those for whom such gathering and programmes are impossible may still find these of value, for right feeling and action can only spring from right ideas.

ERANOS AND THE MODERN PSYCHE

[**Dr. J. P. Hodin**, a scholar and art historian of a European reputation, is known to our readers. In this article he describes the work of the Eranos conferences and publications, which have continued in Ascona, in Switzerland, since 1933. Dr. Hodin traces beneath these the deep underlying movement of modern thought away from nineteenth-century materialism towards a world-view which offers a more significant place to human consciousness and therefore incorporates those perceptions embodied in myth, archetypal symbolism and religious living which the last century would have simply brushed aside as unscientific. — ED.]

IN THE SECOND HALF of the nineteenth century a strong movement gained momentum in the unfolding of modern spiritual life in Europe; a stream of philosophic and religious inspiration swept away the narrow and self-sufficient assertions of mechanistic and materialistic science. A turning point had been reached in that everlasting dialectic rhythm of thought which is the ebb and flow of human culture and in which mental extremes are annihilated to yield their intolerant predominance to a fruitful and truly progressive synthesis. This movement pervaded all fields of cultural activity, and in its wake followed the discovery of new and significant, and the re-discovery of forgotten and neglected, spiritual values. In philosophy, Arthur Schopenhauer's first insight into Buddhist principles of thought was followed by Bergson's anti-rationalism and his concept of metaphysics; in art, we had Symbolism and the return to the primitive, in sensuous experience and in spiritual attitude, seen in Nabis and Gauguin and in Fauvism.

The revolt against modern civilization was the logical outcome of the longing for the "lost paradise" of human innocence, directness and devotion. Gauguin's "Noa Noa," the writings of Pierre Loti, Lafcadio Hearn, Robert L. Stevenson and van Zaanten and their appeal were anchored in this nostalgia of a Europe riddled by the ill effects of the dawn of industrialism. The artist turned more eagerly than ever to the ethnographical museums in his search for inspiration from the famous art collections. Age-old mythological concepts crept in where the hard grit of religious dogmatism was loosened by rationalist-atheist attacks. Myth was re-introduced into European consciousness not as an academic discipline but as an inner necessity. Its influence on contemporary poetry was tremendous. T. S. Eliot wrote in the Notes on *The Waste Land*:—

> Not only the title, but the plan and a good deal of the incidental

symbolism of the poem were suggested by Miss Jessie L. Weston's book on the Grail legend *From Ritual to Romance* (Cambridge). Indeed, so deeply am I indebted, Miss Weston's book will elucidate the difficulties of the poem much better than my notes can do; and I recommend it (apart from the great interest of the book itself) to any who think such elucidation of the poem worth the trouble. To another work of anthropology I am indebted in general, one which has influenced our generation profoundly. I mean *The Golden Bough*; I have used especially the two volumes *Adonis, Attis, Osiris*. Anyone who is acquainted with these works will immediately recognize in the poem certain reference to vegetation ceremonies.

The East, with its philosophy, religion and art, began to exercise an irresistible attraction. Professor Paul Deussen translated the Vedas and Upanishads, and devoted profound studies to their comprehension. The same can be said of T. W. Rhys-Davids for the realm of Buddhism. He and Karl Eugen Neumann translated the Dialogues of the Buddha. The movement of Theosophy in a large sweep confronted the spiritual life of East and West. Richard Wilhelm offered to the West an understanding of Chinese philosophy. Rabindranath Tagore threw the doors wide open in the East for a reconciliation of Eastern and Western ways of thought. S. Radhakrishnan, Hermann Graf Keyserling, F. C. S. Northrop, Charles A. Moore, William S. Haas, are other instances in this movement. The Ba-hai movement in Persia made an attempt to unify the world's religions.

The antagonistic situation between science, philosophy and religion is still not solved, but in the philosophical writings of Albert Einstein, A. N. Whitehead, Erwin Schrödinger, E. A. Burtt, Max Born and Werner Heisenberg (author of the Uncertainty Principle), a new position seems to have been taken up by scientists in the emphasizing of the (self-imposed) limits of science and its methods and in a widening of the concept of knowledge itself. Whereas in philosophy one extreme—under the influence of science and absolute rationalism—has practically annihilated the concept of philosophy (the Logical Positivism of Bertrand Russell and the English School under the ægis of the Viennese School), in Karl Jasper's philosophy a constructive attitude towards and a recognition of science has been achieved and philosophy re-defined in notions which are acceptable both to the scientist and to the Taoist or the Buddhist. In Heidegger, finally, the sombre voice of antique Sibylline discernment and of mediæval mysticism sounds again in the confusing polyphony of modern European thought.

In this stream of ideas, C. G. Jung, the psychologist, takes his place as one of the outstanding phenomena. His significance lies not in the fact that he adheres, as others have done before him, to the world of primary vision and imagery, to pre-scientific thought. This aspect of his intellectual credo was underlined by his intimate co-operation with Heinrich Zimmer, Richard Wilhelm and Karl Kerényi. His significance lies in the fact that he, coming from the then young group of psychoanalytical research workers, knew how to combine his function as a psychiatrist and a psychologist with that of an interpreter of primitive mythology, of mediæval philosophy and Far Eastern wisdom. Through this combination the emphasis was shifted from the academic conception of these realms of knowledge to the working processes of the human psyche, of which these are products. The primary discoveries in unveiling the psychic mechanism — if such a term is permissible at all — were made by Sigmund Freud; also the applications of psychological notions to the world of the Super-Ego, as it was called, to the phenomena of religion, of art, of culture in general. This was a decisive and most surprising step, and, although we may disagree with the Freudian interpretation of these phenomena, which were dictated by the Victorian phase of scientific knowledge, the creative method of psychoanalysis and its application to a wider field of spiritual values was thus discovered. Freud, in trying to remain scientific in the conception of the outgoing nineteenth century (a parallel in philosophy to this conception is Logical Positivism), represents the nineteenth century more than the twentieth century. (That is to say, he does so in his interpretation, not his method, his genius thus being unquestioned.) We must never forget that the twentieth century has built on the nineteenth, Jung on Freud. Jung, imbued with the Bergsonian trend of thought, as we may call it, fulfilled the fusion of it with psychoanalysis and encountered, paradoxically — or one could also say logically — the criticism of being unscientific. The criticism is valid only if we define science in a way derived from physics, not from biology, a manner of definition nowadays abandoned.

With the notion of the archetypes and the collective unconscious a unity of mankind was established with the help of depth-psychological terms and concepts which did not exist in previous periods. If Indian philosophy spoke of wholeness and of manifold unity, and Chinese philosophy of Tao, what was meant was the unity of man with the Godhead and with Creation, and, although, conceptually, the unity of mankind was given, concretely it was not. For it was neither in the knowledge nor in the intent of these old cultures, nor was it possible to go beyond the "horizon"

of their countries or the past of the world then known to them. Only the modern West, by way of its notion of ethnology and of the comparative study of religions in particular and of cultures in general, has reached a concrete global consciousness of man, of his history and, owing to Jung, of his psyche.

When, twenty-five years ago, on the initiative of Mrs. Olga Fröbe-Kapteyn, the first Eranos meeting took place in Ascona, it was devoted to the then so imperative quest of reconciling East and West in the light of modern psychological interpretation and with the aim, as was expressed in the preface to the *Eranos Year Book 1934*, of working for the elucidation of the "*Westliche Heilweg*" (Road of Healing for the West)—a therapeutic aim, therefore, in terms of culture and world-view. C. G. Jung found from the beginning in these meetings a forum for the propagation of his ideas.[1] Historically seen, Eranos is part of the pattern of those European spiritual aspirations which have been described in the beginning of this study.

The first five titles of the *Eranos Year Book* (1933-1937) were specifically centred on the relationship of East to West. In 1934, for instance, Heinrich Zimmer spoke on "Indian Myths as Symbols," Martin Buber on "Symbolic and Sacramental Existence in Judaism," Swami Yatiswaranda on some aspects of Hindu symbolism, Mrs. Rhys-Davids on "The History of the Wheel-Symbol"—to name only a few contributors. C. G. Jung, in developing in the same volume his ideas on the archetypes of the collective unconscious, gave, so to speak, a key to the interpretation of all the myths and symbols of mankind by way of depth-psychological concepts. Thus the contributions were meaningfully linked one to another and deciphered in a modern creative manner. Volume VI (1938) was then entirely devoted to one of the archetypal concepts: "The Figure and Cult of the Great Mother." (Speakers were, besides C. G. Jung, Charles Picard, Louis Massignan, Heinrich Zimmer, Ernesto Buonaiuti and others.) In the following year the themes oscillated between Christian and Universal aspects of Symbolism, until Volume XII (The "Mysteries") brought for the first time the significant sub-title: "Studies towards the Problem of the Archetypes." The volume was dedicated to C. G. Jung as a gift for his seventieth birthday (1945).

It has again and again been stated that the study of man stands in the centre of contemporary interest. Not only psychology but art history

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[1] Some of his ideas, for instance on synchronicity, were developed quite spontaneously and for the first time at an Eranos lecture.

(André Malraux), as well as philosophy (logic has become the science for the investigation of the human brain as an instrument of knowledge) and physics itself, has to count with the unknown quality of man. Werner Heisenberg writes in *Das Naturbild der Heutigen Physik* that

> for the first time in the course of history, man faces none but himself on this earth and no longer finds any other partner or opponent.... In natural science the object of research is no longer nature as such, but nature exposed to man's questioning, and thus here too man faces none but himself.

It was therefore only natural that since 1947 the main theme of the Eranos meetings was centred on man and his relationship to different aspects of life: the mythical world, rites, time, energy, earth, change, creativeness. The latest volume hitherto published, *Eranos Year Book XXIV*, bears the title: "Man and the Sympathy of All Things." Among the contributors are some who have for years belonged to the central core of the Eranos effort: Henry Corbin; Louis Massignan, the French Orientalist; Chung-Yuan Chang, the Tao expert; Ernst Benz (history of dogma); Gershon Scholem (Jewish mysticism). Others of this group are Mircea Eliade (positive religions); Hellmut Wilhelm, son of Richard Wilhelm (and, like his father, translator and interpreter of Chinese philosophy); Daisetz Teitaro Suzuki (expert on Zen Buddhism); Karl Reinhardt (classical philosophy). As a frame holding these lectures together there are the statements of Erich Neumann (introductory) and A. Portmann (concluding). A. Portmann, the biologist, speaks always on a biological theme, the scientific facts of which are embedded among philosophical considerations. His title in 1955 was: "The Living Quality as a Preparatory Relationship." The contribution of E. Neumann, the Jungian psychologist, can be characterized as an application of Jungian notions to a wide range of problems: philosophic, artistic, ethical. His theme for 1955 was: "The Experience of Unitary Reality and the Sympathy of All Things." In his Eranos talks E. Neumann, who is a pupil of C. G. Jung, appears less as a psychologist and more as a speculative thinker. As is already symptomatic in many of C. G. Jung's own writings—his contribution is neither pure psychology nor pure philosophy but rather something which one could call a critical psychology of culture or a critical philosophy of the history of culture from a psychologist's standpoint. The danger which E. Neumann encounters here is inherent in Jung's own attitude, where the border-line between psychology as a science on the one hand and creative speculative thinking on the other hand is very fluid. As a philosopher Jung does not give the same satisfaction—either stylistically or as far as

the integrity of thought is concerned—as Bergson or Heidegger, for instance.

Through the more or less fixed panel of speakers, many of the University professors perhaps, the emphasis of the Eranos meetings has been shifted, unwittingly, from one instrumental in the formation and crystallization of a modern world view and the contribution of essential and vital material towards it, to University summer courses in which themes of general interest are dealt with in a highly specialized but at the same time academic manner, without any relationship to the formative processes of the modern psyche and its great dilemma, the antagonism between science and technology and the human soul, *i.e.*, the reconciliation of the entirely new with the age-old.

Thus papers like that of Max Knoll (Princeton University) on "Endogene Rhythm and Biological Time" or C. G. Jung's "The Psychological Aspect of the Mother Archetype" or G. R. Heyer's "Dürer's Melancholia and Its Symbolism" are rare and in a definite minority when compared with publications of purely academic significance. This may, however, be a transitory stage of development; for it is difficult to replace a personality of C. G. Jung's stature and his spontaneous spiritual power and vitality, which was entirely concentrated on the contemporary problem.[2]

The *raison d'être* of an institution such as Eranos—which was started with great sacrifice, courage and an exemplary tenacity in the service of a new Humanism by a single person, and which through the publication of the Eranos Year Books reaches a much wider audience than the 200 listeners who attend the meetings themselves, cannot, it seems to us, lie in its character as a summer course of erudite lectures but only in its original aim: to thrash out modern man's relationship to creation, to remove the reasons for present-day dread and soullessness, to deepen age-old visionary and symbolic knowledge through more scientific insight and thus to find the means of re-anchoring the modern mind in those timeless unitary notions which in Jungian terms are called archetypal. Assisting to root modern man again in the essence of Being and transforming the new hell of scientific rationalism into a life imbued with wisdom in which both the eternally mythical and the likewise eternally cerebral are brought into balance—that is the true spirit of Eranos.

J. P. Hodin

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[2] C. G. Jung ceased a few years ago, forced by illness and old age, to attend the Eranos meetings.

AN EASTER TALE

[**Mrs. Helena Jasinska,** born and educated in Warsaw, now a citizen of the United Kingdom, is a free-lance writer. We are glad to publish this allegorical story in which she shows that no one is called upon to carry a burden beyond his strength, yet the attitude with which he accepts it makes it heavier or lighter. Here is a message of hope, appropriate to the festival of Easter.—ED.]

THE SUN was already high when hunger forced Abias to search his hut again. Alas, he could not find one lentil, nor a handful of flour, nor yet a drop of olive oil. "I will go to Jerusalem," he thought. "There I may be able to earn a few *drachmas* or some one might give me work." He set off with a heavy heart. Slowly he walked along the sandy track and bitter thoughts oppressed him.

"O Jehovah, O Lord!" he whispered, "why dost Thou afflict me thus? Did I not offer Thee my finest lamb, more than eight days old yet less than twelve months, as the Holy Scriptures command? Now the Feast of Pascha draws nigh, my larder is bare, no bleating of sheep is to be heard. When the seven silver trumpets call from the temple and summon us to offer sacrifice, then shall I not be among the faithful at Thy altar nor shall I hear the chanting of the Levites as they worship Thee with ritual psalms."

Abias's heart swelled with bitterness as he recalled all the misfortunes which had befallen him that year.

"Why hast Thou, O Lord, assigned to me the lot of a farmer," he whispered, "and why must I all my life dig soil that is parched by heat, why must I wait with longing for rain and tremble with fear of locust and bad harvest? I will never return to that accursed farm of mine—never!"

Deep in thought, he passed amidst the growing crowds of wayfarers, indifferent. It was as if all Palestine were deserted, its populace making for Jerusalem. Some were travelling on camels or heavily-laden mules; others—and they the poorest—were on foot, with bundles over their shoulders, often travelling in small groups as protection against brigands. The mule carts went on slowly and merchants walked near the wheels to support the swinging wicker baskets of fruit and of vegetable. Cries, shouts and talk were everywhere, sometimes a song would rise into the air and echo from the barren rocks along the road.

The spirit of this festive crowd, their joyous cries, troubled Abias. Thus, when he caught sight of a cleft in the rocks and a path leading away from the road, he left the dusty track and followed that path. It led him to a grove where olive and fruit trees clustered beneath the rocks. The grey

cliff cast a dark blue shadow on the sun-scorched grass.

"Here shall I sit for a while, and rest," thought he, and he drew nearer. In the rock was an opening, the entry to a tomb; while a large round stone cast down beside it showed that the tomb was empty. "Surely a wealthy man had this tomb hollowed out in the rock for his resting-place," Abias thought. He sat down upon the ground and leaned his head against the cold, smooth surface of the stone. And again grief and sorrow filled his heart and bitter tears flowed from his eyes.

"Do not weep, Abias, do not pity yourself."

All at once a gentle voice came to his ears. He looked up, his eyes blinded by a brilliant light, and he beheld a figure clad in a long white robe.

Surprised, he asked, "Who art Thou, O Master?"

"I am Jesus of Nazareth. If you would understand the meaning of your earthly lot, then rise and follow me."

Obediently Abias rose, compelled by the tender gentleness of the voice, and followed the Stranger. They descended a stony path and entered a great valley. Abias looked round him with astonishment, for the valley was a forest of crosses. Small and large, heavy and light, plain and carven —they seemed to have sprung from the very womb of the earth. A road wound its way across the valley and many people were wandering along it. They all came to the forest of crosses, and each one taking up a cross, lifted it upon his shoulders and, thus burdened, slowly made his way on. Some as they walked were weeping, crushed and bowed beneath the weight; others, their lips drawn with anger, pushed their way through the throngs; while yet others cursed Heaven and their earthly lot. Only a few walked on quietly, slowly, with a kind word for others even though the sweat was pouring down their brows.

"Master," Abias asked, "are there then so many sentenced to be crucified? Are there so many wicked men in the world?"

"They are not wicked men," answered Jesus, "they are but ordinary folk journeying through life, like you. They go without understanding why they are so hard pressed. You too are carrying a cross, Abias."

"Am I? Am I too carrying a cross?" Abias was astounded. With these words he felt a weight upon his shoulders, bowing him down to the ground. He glanced back with an effort, and beheld the wide arm of a cross. He felt the sharp wood cut into his flesh and tear his emaciated body.

"O Master, I cannot bear it," he gasped, "the weight is beyond my strength. I shall throw down this cross and flee away."

"You cannot flee away from yourself, Abias," the gentle voice replied.

"Wherever you go, the cross will follow you."

"O Master—if I am to carry a cross, let me choose one that is lighter, easier to carry."

"A man must be able to bear his own cross, Abias. I too bear one. But your wish shall be granted."

And when Abias looked at Jesus, he beheld on His shoulders a cross that reached to the sky, and its arms spread to the East and to the West and faded far into the misty horizons.

Abias went into the forest of crosses, laid his own cross aside and looked at the others. "This one will be better," he thought, "for it is narrower, it will not weigh so heavily and I shall be able to carry it." He lifted the new cross, swung it over his shoulder and began to go slowly on his way. But soon he discovered that the arm of the cross was too long, dragged behind him on the ground and raised a cloud of dust. It made him breathless and every step was more difficult than the one before.

Exhausted, he sat down and closed his eyes. When he opened them he perceived before him a small wooden table on which were piled silver *dinars* and *drachmas*. He found himself in the porch of the temple at Jerusalem, changing money. The coins glittered in the sun and when touched, they gave a silvery tinkle. Merchants and bankers sat under every slender column and a richly carved roof of cedar wood cast its shadow on faces tinged with greed.

"I shall never hunger again," Abias breathed, sifting the coins and letting them slip through his fingers as he listened to their tempting sound. He looked down at his hands as they lustfully caressed the silver and gold —and he shuddered. Dark stains had appeared on his hands, they were spreading swollen with pus, until they turned into one great sore.

"O Jehovah, O Lord! Why dost Thou punish me so severely? Cursed be my life!" he cried in despair and he closed his eyes already clouded over with fear. And when he opened them again he found himself lying in the sand beneath the weight of the cross. Beyond him the forest of wooden crosses stretched to the sky. A throng of people walked slowly along the road, and each one carried his burden. The gentle voice of Jesus reached Abias:

"If you accept your cross, then you will no longer feel its burden. It will add to your strength, it will lead you."

"O Master, must I always suffer thus? Its weight is too much, its arms cut my flesh."

"Why do you fear your cross? It awaits you where you let it fall," Abias heard in answer.

"I do not want to starve again, nor to fear drought and bad harvests,"

Abias cried out, and with these words he approached the nearest cross.

"Master, let me carry this cross," he whispered, "I am sure I could bear its weight."

Indulgently Jesus smiled and said, "So be it, Abias."

Abias arose, took the cross and swung it over his shoulders. The cross was smaller and smoother than the rest, and adorned with carvings.

"This one at least will not drag behind me, nor will it tear my flesh with splinters," he thought, and gladly he moved on. But scarce had he taken a few dozen steps when he felt the cross slip from his shoulders time and again. and the carvings cut painfully into his flesh. Sweat poured from his forehead, a cry of pain was torn from his throat.

For a moment he closed his eyes, hardly able to see for pain. And when he opened them again, he beheld the sands of the desert in blinding sunlight. He was a Roman, marching through the desert with a cohort of soldiers. His heavy helmet weighed upon his head, burning sand scorched his feet. He was marching with the Legions to conquer new territories for the greater glory of the Roman Empire of Cæsar.

"For twenty years I am compelled to serve, according to Roman law, in the Army. For twenty years must I wander on the face of the earth. For twenty years must I live in constant danger for a *dinar's* daily pay—and with that must needs purchase the favours of my centurion. Why should others enjoy the peace of their own homes, while my lot is troubled slumber under canvas roof?"

Barely had he uttered these words, when he heard the sound of an arrow and felt a sharp pain in his leg.

"Now, surely, I shall die in this heat," he groaned, and he fell to the ground under the blow of a stone cast from a sling. When he opened his eyes, he saw not the sands of the desert, but the valley and forest of crosses. And he heard the gentle voice of Jesus.

"I say unto you—if you carry your cross unwillingly, then its weight shall be unbearable."

"What then am I to do, O Master, ?" Abias whispered in despair.

"When you understand how to suffer, then you will cease suffering. Why do you fear to draw nigh and lift up your cross?"

Slowly and hesitantly, Abias approached the forest of crosses, and chose the one that was nearest to him. He lifted it to his shoulders, and after a few steps he felt that it weighed but little and that he could carry it.

"Master," he cried in a strong voice, "surely this cross is best suited to my strength. It is neither too long nor too broad, nor does it slip from my

grasp."

Jesus smiled at these words, and He said, "This cross fits your shoulders best, for it is your own, it is destined for you, it is the very one you were so anxious to cast aside and which you have failed to recognize."

Abias bowed his head and a sob tore him. He awoke, and beheld before him the olive grove, the rocks and the entrance to the tomb and the starlit sky high above, now darkening. He arose and looked again at the large stone that had been cast aside by the tomb, on which he had rested his head while sleeping. He walked down the path to the sandy track. He had no more words of complaint, nor of bitterness; he felt strangely at peace. With a profound sigh he turned his steps not to Jerusalem but back to his own hut.

And he lifted his head and looked ahead with confidence: far away before him a white figure was walking slowly, bent beneath the weight of a cross so immense that it reached to the starry skies and its arms spread to the East and to the West and merged with the misty horizons.

HELENA JASINSKA

BRITISH SOCIETY OF ÆSTHETICS

IF A NEW SOCIETY now in the process of formation is able to establish a firm and influential hold it will undoubtedly fill a gap. For there is a need to educate people's growing popular interest in the arts to a deeper level of understanding than that of "fashion-following," or even mere responsive appreciation. The aim of the proposed British Society of Æsthetics will be to promote study, research and discussion in the subject. In this connection Æsthetics is defined as

> all studies of the arts and related types of experience from a philosophic, scientific, or other theoretical standpoint, including those of psychology, sociology, anthropology, cultural history, art criticism and education. 'The Arts' include the visual arts, literature, music and theatre arts.

Membership (£2.2.0 per annum) will be open to all, though later on there will be different classes of members. A club room and office is planned, with the hire of a hall for lectures, and a journal is also projected. Membership will entitle those interested to take part in the International Congress of Æsthetics at Athens, September 1st–6th, 1960. The provisional committee includes such names as Sir Herbert Read, President, and Professor E. F. Carritt, Vice-President. Further details may be had (a stamped, addressed envelope will be appreciated at this early stage) from the Hon. Secretary, British Society of Æsthetics, Birkbeck College, University of London, Malet Street, London, W.C. 1.

FAIZI AND URFI

TWO OF AKBAR'S COURT POETS

[THE AUTHOR of *Flame of the Forest* and *Cradle of the Clouds*, **Dr. Sudhin N. Ghose** writes here of two Indian poets who wrote in Persian. The verse translations are his own. The life of Faizi is both romantic and tragic, and illustrates what absurd orthodox beliefs can lead to, even in persons otherwise decent and cultured. — ED.]

OF ALL THE POETS OF AKBAR'S COURT two alone attained international fame far surpassing the confines of the Moghul Empire: they were Faizi (1547-1595) and Urfi (1555-1591). Their books were on sale during their lifetime in cities as far apart as Agra and Adrianople, Ispahan and Istanbul. Faizi was reputed to be extremely meticulous in getting his works beautifully produced; he employed only the finest calligraphers to copy his manuscripts, and at the same time he was rather indifferent to the fate of his books once they were released to the public. Urfi, on the other hand, was careless about the quality of production of his books, but particular about their widest diffusion among his admirers in and outside India.

An unfortunate love affair, according to tradition, overshadowed Faizi's life and constrained him to become a recluse. His first teacher was, it is said, a Muslim millenârist, a member of a fanatical sect holding the view that all non-Muslims should be eradicated as a preliminary step towards the establishment of paradise on earth. It was difficult for Faizi to accept this idea, and he left his master in Agra to seek a new one in Banaras, someone who could teach him a more tolerant doctrine. He was sitting on the stone steps on the bank of the Ganges when a brahmin pandit, struck by his good looks, accosted him and asked him what he was doing there.

"I am looking for a *guru*," Faizi replied.

"Son," asked the pandit, "when and where were you born?"

"I was born in Agra," answered Faizi and then gave the time and date of his birth.

"You have been born under a fateful star," said the brahmin, and added after a few moments' reflection, "You will attain immortal fame. Come with me and be my disciple."

There at his new *guru's* place Faizi learnt Sanskrit. His progress was rapid. Soon he was translating on his own the *Mahabharata* into Persian, without breathing a word about it to his master and host. After some time, when he had mastered the Vedas, he was one day taken aside and

told that it was now time for him to depart.

"Son," his *guru* said, "I have taught you all that I know. I have nothing new to add to your knowledge. From now on it is for you to teach others what you have learnt. But before you go I have a favour to ask of you in lieu of a fee."

What could that favour be?

"Son," the brahmin explained, "I am a widower, and my horoscope tells me that I have not long to live. Now, before I die I should like to bestow my daughter on you. She likes you," he continued, "I know you like her. So let the wedding ceremony take place as soon as possible."

Astounded, Faizi now confessed that he was a Muslim, a fact he had so far carefully hidden from his *guru*. This revelation came as a great shock to the orthodox brahmin: he had in his own reckoning committed a mortal sin by imparting the contents of the Vedas to a non-brahmin; and there was only one way of expiation for him, namely, to commit suicide by swallowing a quantity of boiling, clarified butter. And this was what he did after enjoining Faizi not to divulge the contents of the Vedas to anyone. The grief-stricken brahmin's daughter killed herself by setting fire to her clothes. And Faizi left Banaras for good.

Faizi's love lyrics were inspired, it is believed, by this brahmin girl who was reputed to be a beauty. He never published any of these lyrics as long as he lived and was not keen about giving any publicity to his metaphysical poems; only his brother Abul Fazl, the historian, and the Emperor Akbar were conversant with them.

The well-known "Akbar's Prayer" was composed, some hold, not by Abul Fazl, but by Faizi: it was his credo, his Song of Praise:—

> Oh Lord, in every temple I see those that seek Thee.
> And in every tongue that is spoken I hear Thee praised.
> The belief in the many and the faith in the one are
> but gropings after Thee. "Thou art unique,"
> cries each believer, "Thou art without peer."
>
> Be it a mosque, the prayers are in Thine honour;
> Be it a church, the bells ring forth Thy praise.
>
> Awhile I frequent the (Christian) cloisters; again
> the mosque;
> But Thee alone I seek from fane to fane.
>
> What are heresy and dogma to Thy elect?
> Shall they seek shelter behind a screen when Thy
> truth is manifest?

Heresy for the heretic, dogma for the dogmatic.
But the essence of the rose-petals is the balm for
the rose-gatherer's heart.

The following, entitled "Inspiration," may be regarded as typical of Faizi's metaphysical poems:—

My dæmon is companion of my loneliness:
the dæmon is my genius.
That knowledge they term certainty,
I term the faintest flicker of the dawn of thought:

Fanatics revelation call
what I call drunken folly, or stark lunacy.
Were I to bring to light what in my mind is
would my generation with me bear?
Were I what on my heart weighs to proclaim
they would accuse me of strange oddity.

For I thought, and I have reasoned,
and have thus reached the conclusion
That I understand the system of the universe and motion:
So in heaven and on earth I see my movement and my quiet:
My own humour gives the taste to the strange vintage—
that is ardour—
And my faith gives me belief in the two worlds'
oncoming triumph.

For, though my head is covered by a hermit's hood
and I appear a mendicant,
I fathom the two worlds, and I perceive all that is here
and all what is beyond:
For love has draped me garments, love has woven e'en my
hood: indeed each thread appears
A thread of contemplation, and my ecstasy my standard
of eternal quest:
The spirit of the universe seems ever fleeting,
ever-fleeting — infinite.

While Faizi was humble and retiring, a hermit in his ways, his younger contemporary Urfi was vain, pompous and flamboyant. He had the gift of making enemies wherever he went. When he died of dysentery in Lahore before attaining the age of thirty-six, many thought his death was due to poisoning. However that may be, in spite of his personal shortcomings he was considered to be the most outstanding among all who wrote in Persian during the sixteenth century. He was of Shia persuasion, and his remains

were transferred from Lahore to Iraq to be buried in the fields of Kerbela, deemed holy by the members of his sect. The following poem, entitled "All That a Lover Need Know," was dedicated by Urfi to Faizi:—

To the heart that doth melt to the nightingale's plaint
Join, O lover, thine own, and thy burthen acquaint.
No wise Plato art thou, and unguided thy ways;
Yet not grieve! Bless the stars every hour of thy days:
Know'st thou not that e'er sadly must perish the fool
That tries quenching his thirst at half-truth's mirage pool?
Note this, love's grave travail none can easily bear:
For love is ever wedded to sorrow and care.
—My faint heart's like Zuleikha forsaken and pale,
And like Joseph lone, grieving—a grim mocker's tale.

SUDHIN N. GHOSE*

"NEW ORIENT"

THE CZECHOSLOVAK SOCIETY FOR ORIENTAL STUDIES is to be praised for a new venture, a two-monthly journal in English, *New Orient*, for which the head of the Indology department of the Czech Oriental Institute, Dr. D. Zbavitel, and an international advisory board are editorially responsible. Ancient Indian medicine, Burmese literature and Chinese culture are some of the topics already dealt with, the aim of the journal being to link the present-day and the traditional aspects of culture.

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TEACHERS NEEDED...WHO ARE THEY?

[**Miss Elizabeth Cross,** a teacher of much experience, has written on many aspects of education for THE ARYAN PATH. In her forthright way she writes here of an essential problem — are we not *all* teachers of the young and responsible for what they imitate from us? She writes also of the right relationship between teacher and child, and gives warm examples. — ED.]

"NEVER ask for whom the bell tolls...it tolls for thee...," Donne reminds us. "More teachers needed," say the headlines as every government (for better or worse reasons of its own, boosting "Education") decides to raise the school-leaving age, encourage part-time schooling and herd more and more students into brave new schools and colleges. Who are these teachers? Where are they to be found? What sort of people should they be? Do not ask who—for it is you.

Yes, you, dear public, dear neglectful or anxious fathers and mothers; you friendly, kindly or indifferent bus-conductors and milkmen; the whole population—you are the teachers for most of the time. We, the professionals, with our herds of thirty, forty and sometimes fifty children to deal with, do our best in the few hours allotted to us, and sometimes we have the happiness of realizing that some children have benefited from our company and ideals. But unless there is sufficient weight of public opinion behind our teaching, unless we are working in harmony with the civilization in which the children are to live, we are merely confusing the growing generation.

Take a very simple, practical application of Christianity as we try to teach it in my school.

> He prayeth well, who loveth well
> Both man and bird and beast.
> He prayeth best, who loveth best
> All things both great and small.

That short verse from Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" is learnt and sung and read and discussed from the time the children can begin to learn anything, and many years before they hear the actual poem. The children are encouraged to suggest ways in which they can apply these lines.

Sooner or later someone from a "polite" home suggests, "Give a grown-up your seat on a bus." This is applauded and all agree to do this. Then what happens? The great public takes on its part of the teaching, and many things may happen. First, the ideal citizen is offered a seat,

and accepts gratefully and says "Thank you" with many variations, so that the child is rewarded and made to feel happy. If the ideal citizen is truly ideal he or she can see at a glance whether the child is the sort who will prefer a quiet, intimate "Thank you," so that no one will stare and embarrass him, or whether he (or more possibly a small "she") will like lots and lots of thanks and the whole bus-load of people to notice how good and kind they are! Secondly we get the too common selfish adult who merely takes the seat as a right and with no courtesy at all, but does at least sink thankfully into it. The child can see his good offer is accepted, although he is disappointed at the ungraciousness. Worst of all, though, we get the sentimental adult, who although obviously needing a seat, refuses it, with a lot of fulsome talk about the dear kiddies being tired too and a shame to take their seat. The poor child, knowing full well his duty to stand, is now quite confused, sinks back overcome with shyness and dare not get up to offer again at the next stop, and may then be judged selfish by new passengers.

This may seem a great fuss to be making over a small matter of every-day courtesy. But surely life is made up of very small matters as a haystack is made up of very small pieces of grass, yet coming to something pretty sizeable in the end. Every single person is noticed by some sharp young eyes, every public remark is too often noted by those proverbially long ears. What you say, how you say it, how you walk, how you get into the door of a shop, either rushing rudely or entering gently—sooner or later some child will see and notice and *copy*.

Yes, they copy—only too well. We who teach sometimes learn this in pleasant or unpleasant ways. For instance, I overheard this conversation in a "Play House" during a "Free Activity" period with the five-year-olds; a small child was addressing another who was being her "son" for the moment. "May I see your hands, please?" she asked in polite but rather cold tones. It was evidently dinner-time in the Play House. A pause... "I *did* wash them!" said the son. "I fancy you could wash them *better* though, eh?" returned the mother with a friendly little chuckle. At this the son went off to wash again. I had heard myself so clearly there. How many times had I refrained from saying "Little liar" to the owners of dirty fingers and merely mentioned the "better" kind of washing!

Fortunately children are very adaptable, and in spite of all kinds of bad examples for them to copy it is nearly always possible to encourage them to copy better ones instead. But it so often seems to us wasteful and discouraging to plan a good and helpful school environment for so many hours of the child's day and then to know he is exposed to just the

opposite in the rest of his waking hours. It is ridiculous of adults to complain of any bad behaviour in children or young people when they themselves are the model for this behaviour — just as it is foolish for them to grumble about our childrens' shockingly decayed teeth, caused mostly by eating the wrong foods and sucking sweets and iced lollies, when manufacturers and shopkeepers (and shareholders too) are making a handsome profit out of the whole business.

Although I am a full-time teacher now, I am by no means in favour of the usual organized education and certainly not of large classes and large schools. To deal with large classes in these large schools needs a great deal of skill in a technical sense, and it can be acquired by many people, but this sort of "teaching" is really child-minding on a large scale. It may involve true teaching or it may not. To my mind the essence of true teaching at all stages of life, from the baby to the adult student, must spring from personal contact. That is, the teacher must get to know and understand the pupil by careful observation and must then, by using her own disinterested judgment, do whatever she thinks will best promote the welfare of that individual pupil. Thus a good teacher might be entirely non-professional: he might be the village carpenter or blacksmith or milkman who allows one or two boys to just hang around when he works, and then kindly allows them to "help." These children may learn by example. They will copy some steady work, listen to a little talk and notice how a sensible grown-up sets about things. Their teacher, kindly at heart and not wanting anything *from* these children, will speak to them as reasonable beings, will help their self-respect by accepting their help, and, what is more important still, will let them see just how far they can go if they get tiresome or too frisky!

Children need to learn about people just as much as about things, and it is no kindness to behave with false over-patience, any more than to use too much strictness. Truthfulness is of the greatest value to all teachers, whether they be dealing with one or fifty children, and although it may be ideal if the teacher could be extremely even-tempered, so that the children know just what to expect, I do not think it is essential. I believe it much more important to be on such friendly terms with your pupils that you may say, as I occasionally do, "Now, I have a headache, I am very tired, and unless you get on with your jobs and don't drive me mad I daresay I'll be very bad-tempered by this afternoon. So look out." And they do look out and we get through the day safely.

This kind of personal relationship, in which children do get to know that their teacher is "on their side" in life, and that she (or more rarely

he) is only concerned with helping them to learn many things and to do their best at what they can do, and has no ulterior motive, is the only one that makes education valuable. A teacher who cares about examination results merely as results is throwing away the true worth of her job. Those who become too interested in "marks" and the grading of pupils are likewise wasting time. There is very little value in comparing children. In fact too often "marks" confuse the issue. Our children are taught, from early days, that they should judge their work themselves. Naturally they like us to praise it too, but they know that every "Good" written on a piece of work is a purely personal thing. It means, "Yes, this is good because you have tried hard and it is the best you can do." Often I see a group of children reading or looking at others' work which is put up on a Display Board—various items of interest, about birds, perhaps, or a foreign country, or the sea or how to care for pets—and I overhear their comments: "That's a good drawing. Who did it?"..."Look, that funny writing...up and down. Oh, still, it's good for Matthew...Good Old Matthew!" And they clap Matthew on the back, and he beams with pride, because it *is* good for Matthew, who is a dear friendly clown of a boy with the smallest thimbleful of brains.

In the Infant and Junior schools most of us keep our class for a year. Sometimes we take one or two lessons a week with other classes, but generally we have what we consider to be our own children nearly all day long. In this way we truly get to know them. Mostly this is all to the good. Occasionally there is a drawback: sometimes a child and a teacher just cannot get on together, and then the teacher needs all her skill and patience and even so will never do so well for that child as someone else could do. (Occasionally it is possible to make some change in classes if necessary.) I am sure that the greatest good in education would come from reducing the size of classes so that each teacher could know her children better and so that work could become more informal, and yet the teacher could be sure of helping each small group and individual as they needed her.

At the moment I have the interesting task of teaching some children of eleven years old whom I also taught when they were between six and seven. The work is going splendidly, chiefly, I think, because we remember and know each other so well. They do not have to wonder about me; they know. They know exactly how particular I am—no knots in the needlework, no blots from the ink, no scribbling on the desks, no unkindness to your neighbour. They know too that I permit wandering about the classroom for good reasons, talking to help each other, helping each other in

spelling and sums, bringing in of pet toads, kittens, spiders and other items of interest. They know that when I say, "Listen a moment," I actually do mean "listen" and that I expect a deathly hush just for a minute, and that then I shall tell them something important. They know all this about me, and I know just as much about them. In fact, it is as comfortable as an old marriage.

In return for the work and self-control needed to be a full-time teacher you do get the occasional satisfaction of looking round at children who are the better for your care and patience, growing up in their own way to the best of their ability, developing in their own way and their own time but doing so more happily and more easily because you are able to provide some of the materials at the right time. These materials may be actual—an old box, some driftwood from the shore, some caterpillars to rear, a dictionary—or they may be more ethereal—a friendly smile, a shared joke or a wink, a little sympathy over a lost pet. Whatever you are teaching, however efficient you may be, it is your attitude to life, your interests, that are going to be the main thing that your pupils will carry away with them. So you need to be careful about the kind of person you are when you decide to see much of children.

In our Secondary schools work is organized rather differently, but if it is at all possible the personal relationship must be sustained with at least certain teachers. It is far harder to understand and know many classes if you are teaching a "subject," particularly if the teaching involves much "lecturing," because the children merely become an audience. Thus it is all the more necessary for each child to have one particular teacher, perhaps a "form mistress" or an adviser who will see her regularly and supervise her general work. In the older Universities this kind of tutorial system has always been one of the most valuable ways in which the student has been encouraged and helped.

Finally, to end on a pleasant memory and to show that one must not judge always by appearance, here is a little conversation in a country churchyard.

I was sitting resting on a seat, with my big shaggy dog, after a long walk. We were in a little churchyard by the sea, and I noticed a group of very rough, wildly dressed "Teddy Boys" roaming round the graves. One had a bunch of daffodils in his hand. Usual adult thought—"up to no good . . . where did he get the flowers?" Teacher's thought—"Watch them . . . smile . . . find out what they are doing . . . find out what they think."

They came nearer, banging around idly with sticks. I smiled and called

out, "Lovely morning." They came nearer. "Can I help you? Are you looking for something?"

"Yes, please. Where's the childrens' graves?"

"I don't think they have a special place. I think they go with their family, if it's a village family. Why?"

"Oh, we're looking for a baby's grave. A neighbour's. Got these flowers from where I work."

So we searched and found the grave, and I showed them where to get water and a jam jar. Then the dog decided he needed a drink, and we all got talking. Suddenly the oldest and most villainous-looking of the boys said, stroking the dog's shaggy head, "And do the robins still use his fur to line their nests?"

Yes, it was a boy I had taught ten years ago, when he was about six, just for one year, before I went to another school. He went on to tell me that he had taken up bird-watching as a hobby instead of shooting them, and that he worked in a Market Garden and that he remembered my lessons very well. "And I remember you smacking my legs, coo, you could smack! Only once it was, but it was a proper do. I deserved it, though." We parted friends!

ELIZABETH CROSS

O dearest, dearest boy! my heart
For better love would seldom yearn,
Could I but reach the hundredth part
Of what from thee I learn.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

TORU DUTT

[**Dr. K. R Srinivasa Iyengar** is well known to our readers. In this almost affectionate study he draws vividly for us the most appealing figure in Indo-Anglian literature. — ED.]

BEAUTY and tragedy and fatality criss-crossed in the life of Toru Dutt, and it is difficult, when talking about her poetry, to make any nice distinction between poetry and what C. S. Lewis would call "poetolatry." The poetry is the reality, no doubt, but the poet too compels attention. Her father, Govin Dutt, was well-to-do, a good linguist and a cultured man of literary leanings and generous impulses; her mother was steeped in the Hindu myths, and was a woman of a loving and sweet disposition. The family in a body embraced Christianity when Toru was six years old, her elder sister, Aru, eight, and their brother, Abju, eleven. The children had a private tutor, but their father carefully supervised their studies. Now came the first calamity : Abju died, aged fourteen, in 1865, and so the sisters clung closer together than ever. They read *Paradise Lost* again and again, and generally lost themselves in literary studies.

In 1869, the family left for Europe, and the girls went to a French School at Nice for a time. Moving to London presently, the girls began to turn their knowledge of both French and English into good account by translating French lyrics into English verse. They had company, too, English as well as Indian, and talk was free. But the younger sister, Toru, seems to have been more forward, whether in conversation or in action, than the elder. In 1871 the family moved to Cambridge, where the sisters attended the so-called "Higher Lectures for Women" and made friends with Mary Martin, who was to prove Toru's life-long friend. Returning to Calcutta in September 1873, the family divided their time between the city house, Rambhagan, and the garden house at Baugmaree. Soon tragedy darkened their life a second time, for Aru succumbed to consumption in July 1874. Toru wrote resignedly to Mary Martin: "It is a sore trial for us, but His will be done. We know He doeth all things for our good...."

Toru retained her sunniness, albeit it was darkened now and then by the memory of a lost brother and a lost sister. She got ready for the press her renderings from the French into English, and these appeared in 1875 as *A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields*. Of the 165 pieces, 8 were by Aru, and all the rest by Toru, who had also added notes on the French poets represented in the volume. The book had not only a good press in India,

but luckily travelled also to England and fell into the hands of Edmund Gosse, who exclaimed :—

> When poetry is as good as this, it does not matter whether Rouveyre prints it upon Whatman paper, or whether it steals to light in blurred type from some press in Bowanipore.

Although Toru occasionally returned to the *Sheaf* in the hope of bringing out an enlarged edition, already she was feeling the "need for roots," and so father and daughter had begun learning Sanskrit. In less than a year, she laved in the *Ramayana*, the *Mahabharata* and *Abijnana-Shakuntalam*. And she planned a companion "Sheaf" gleaned in "Sanskrit Fields!" "I have as yet gathered two ears," she confided to her Cambridge friend in September 1876. But it was all too good to last much longer. She was ill, very ill; she had recurrent attacks of fever and coughing spasms; she spat a great deal of blood, which left her "quite weak and prostrate." She was obliged to keep within doors, and even writing letters was an effort she could not stand. It is a harrowing tale, though also a heroic tale. The end came at last on August 30th, 1877. "Her end here was very peaceful and happy," her father wrote to Mary Martin, "and her mother and myself will never, never forget the expression that was on her face when all was over. Such a glory there was on it...." She was buried, as was appropriate, near her brother and sister.

Govin Dutt, having lost all his three children one after another, set himself the task of publishing an enlarged *Sheaf* and the other "Sheaf" that had been in Toru's thoughts. The second edition of the *Sheaf*, containing nearly 200 pieces, came out in 1878, and the other "Sheaf" gleaned in "Sanskrit Fields" appeared in 1882 as *Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan*, with an Introduction by Edmund Gosse. Meantime, her unfinished English novel, *Bianca, or the Young Spanish Maiden*, had been serialized in the *Bengal Magazine* (January-April 1878) and her French novel *Le Journal de Mademoiselle d'Arvers*, had come out in Paris in 1879 and been compared to Beckford's *Vathek*. And all this in the course of three or four years by a sick girl who had known pain and been shadowed by a sense of fatality.

The first promising streaks of the morn; the Sun itself peeping out for a second, a bare second; and the clouds swinging across and blotting out everything, as if for ever! How can we speculate on what the day might have been had the clouds not intervened? Aru was womanlier than Toru even—more fragile in her feminity—and all we have from her are a few translations. She lives in literature as one of those commas or hyphens we

cannot do without, whose power of suggestion could be potent and immense. As for Toru, although she has left behind a richer legacy, even she died too young to be able to reach the heights of splendid fulfilment.

The need for roots is fundamental to the poet. Only a tree that has driven deep into the soil can put forth ample foliage and yield abundant fruit. Toru's first years in India were a period of estrangement between the family and the orthodox Hindu community. Once in England, the nameless pressure of the ancestral place was withdrawn, and the girls matured quickly in that atmosphere. The first fruits were the translations from the French. They were certainly done well, but then they were hardly more than the school exercises of precocious girls with a touch of genius. The mind was no doubt engaged, and so was the heart, generally speaking; now and then, Toru came across a piece that struck her even more intimately—and then was the translation tremblingly articulate, as, for example, in "My Vocation" by Béranger:—

> From my lips broke a cry,
> Such as anguish may wring;
> Sing, said God in reply,
> Chant, poor little thing.

Suffering and the dark image of an incomprehensible fatality were Toru's shadow-companions, and she could always give the right edge to the expression of pain in terms of poetry. Here and there in her renderings the metre undoubtedly limps a little, the unique word sometimes eludes her, and even her grammar very occasionally nods. But the total impression! French and English were alike "foreign" to Toru—and yet she would attempt the impossible. And her achievement is little short of the incredible. The romantic fervour, the feeling for freedom and melancholy, even the magic—all are caught and communicated in substantial measure.

When Toru's French novel, *Le Journal*, was published posthumously, one critic declared: "This one surpasses all the prodigies. She is a Frenchwoman in this book....she thinks, she writes, like one of us." What could Toru have known about the ardours or the agonies of love? The heroine of the novel, Marguerite, is up to a point Toru's self-portrait—a veiled picture of her own imaginative life. No less suggestive is the Bianca story in English. The novel opens with the burial of Inez, Bianca's elder sister; father and surviving sister attend the burial, and presently Bianca too falls ill. Marguerite the French maiden and Bianca the Spanish maiden are, of course, no more than abstractions; Toru, their creator, is the only reality. Thank God, however, that the psychologists, the literary detectives

and the psychoanalysts have not turned their attention to poor Toru!

Aru and Toru were really too young, and died too early. It was only when the family returned to Calcutta that the sisters were able to face their own world with some self-assurance and maturity of understanding. Complete poise and further growth in strength and security would have come, but Aru's death was an immitigable blow to the younger sister. She turned to Sanskrit—the Mother of Muses, the deep spring of India's racial memory. Toru could now feel her feet on hospitable soil, and satisfy the secret longings of her spirit for roots in the consciousness of the race. The *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata,* the *Vishnu Purana* and the *Bhagavata,* gave her woman's imagination free play, and she could re-enact the ancient stories of star-crossed men and women and deathless heroes and heroines. Her Christian faith need not conflict with her attraction or addiction to the "deep magics" of the Hindu epics. What a struggle—and what a victory—for Toru! She was an Indian poet writing in English, she was autochthonous and she was one with India's woman singers, no mean company. No room now for stimulated hot-house efflorescence; now Toru had roots in her own land, and she agreeably responded to the heartbeats of the antique racial tradition. As children, she and her brother and sister had heard the stories from the Hindu epics and Puranas, stories of mystery, miracle and local tradition, from the lips of her own mother. Later exploration in the original Sanskrit had enabled her to forge her links with the living past of India, and she cared not if Christian or skeptic cavilled at her. Occasionally personal comment comes in, as, for example, in her rendering of the story of Jada Bharata :—

> ...little can we sympathize
> With what the Brahman sage would fain imply
> As the concluding moral of his tale,
> That for the hermit-king it was a sin,
> To love his nursling. What! a sin to love!
> A sin to pity!

But such comment is rare, for Toru is mainly interested in the telling of the ancient tales. Savitri, fighting with the power of her love Death itself, and getting the better of him too; Lakshman, the most loyal of brothers, leaving Sita alone against his better judgment because she would not see reason, and so leaving her a prey to Ravana, a perfect Greek tragedy; Dhruva, Buttoo (Ekalavya), Sindhu, Prahlad—these are not mere tales, fertile inventions of the poets of old, but are really part of the consciousness of the Hindu race. It was thus with a very sure instinct that Toru sought in these ancient stories the right material for the expression of

her own maturing poetic powers.

"Sita," however, stands apart. It begins as nature description, but soon strikes the pure elegiac note :—

> But who is this fair lady? Not in vain
> She weeps, — for lo! at every tear she sheds
> Tears from three pairs of young eyes fall amain,
> And bowed in sorrow are the three young heads.
> It is an old, old story, and the lay
> Which has evoked sad Sita from the past
> Is by a mother sung.... 'Tis hushed at last
> And melts the picture from their sight away,
> Yet shall they dream of it until the day!
> When shall those children by their mother's side
> Gather, ah me! as erst at eventide?

Valmiki's hermitage stands vivid before our eyes in the poem, but even more haunting is Sita in her sorrows, and the three children, Abju, Aru and Toru herself, weeping because Sita is weeping. This almost perfect poem is a tribute to the genius of Toru's mother for story-telling, and the last two lines are a poignant elegy on the death of Abju and Aru. Never had Toru written more feelingly or evoked a scene or an emotion as unforgettably. How deeply Sita's sorrows affected Toru may be inferred also from what she wrote to Clarisse Bader, her French friend. "Can there be a more touching and lovable heroine than Sita?" she asks, and adds :—

> The plaint of Sita, when, banished for the second time, she wanders alone in the vast forest, despair and horror filling her soul, is so pathetic that I believe there is no one who could hear it without shedding tears.

Toru's little poem is an "unflickering lamp," and throws light on the quality of her heart.

An even more impressive, though not more beautiful, poem is "Our Casuarina Tree." The trees in her garden inspire also the sonnet "Baugmaree," which concludes memorably :—

> One might swoon
> Drunken with beauty then, or gaze and gaze
> On a primeval Eden, in amaze.

But "Our Casuarina Tree" is more than the poetic evocation of a tree; it is recapturing the past, and immortalizing the moments of time so recaptured. The tree is both tree and symbol, and in it are implicated both time and eternity. Of the five stanzas, the first is an objective description of the tree :—

> Like a huge Python, winding round and round

The rugged trunk, indented deep with scars
Upto its very summit near the stars,
A creeper climbs, in whose embraces bound
No other tree could live....

The second stanza relates the tree to Toru's own impressions of it at different times, while the third links up the tree with Toru's memories of her lost brother and sister:—

But not because of its magnificence
Dear is the Casuarina to my soul:
Beneath it we have played; though years may roll,
O sweet companions, loved with love intense,
For your sakes shall the tree be ever dear!
Blent with your images, it shall arise
In memory, till the hot tears blind mine eyes!

The fourth stanza humanizes the tree; for its lament is a human record of pain and regret. And the last stanza wills, as it were, the immortality of the tree. The eleven-line stanza form, with the rhyme-scheme *abba, cddc, eee* is almost worthy of Keats himself. In the organization of the poem as a whole and in the finish of the individual stanzas, in its mastery of phrase and rhythm, in its music of sound and ideas, "Our Casuarina Tree" is a superb piece of writing, and gives us a taste of what Toru might have written had not the race of her life been so quickly run. "There were few poetic glories," says Amaranatha Jha, "which, given maturity, she could not have achieved." But speculation and promise apart, Toru's actual record as a poet does compel recognition, and Mr. H. A. L. Fisher is no more than just when he writes:—

> ... this child of the green valley of the Ganges has by sheer force of native genius earned for herself the right to be enrolled in the great fellowship of English poets.

K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar

THE AFRICAN PERSONALITY

[**Mr. A. Nwankwo Ezeabasili**, a young African teacher of lively intellectual interests, offers in this essay his careful reflections on African character and cultural possibilities. Recent history has left the African restless and disturbed; but in the future, Mr. Ezeabasili considers, he might have special contributions to make to human knowledge and skills. — ED.]

THE CONTINENT OF AFRICA, until a few centuries back, had always remained mysterious, dark and unknowable. Huge snakes, tall trees with chattering monkeys among the branches, fierce and fantastic animals — these are what the ancient sailor observed as he sailed cautiously by the solemn silence of the dark, primeval forests.

It has been suggested, not without scientific grounds, that Africa is the first home of man. For, of all the prehistoric stone implements found alike in India and Europe, Africa is the most productive region. Also, the australopithecus type of skeletons of the ape-man found in Transvaal is likely the proto-man, *i.e.*, about half a million years ago the proto-man may have roamed the African continent. Then there is the additional fact of Ancient Egypt being often called the cradle of human civilization.

Owing to lack of contact with the outside world for a long time, not much is known definitely of our history beyond a few hundred years. The only consolation, however, is that modern archæological excavation is throwing more light on our past.

Of all the ancient African empires south of the Sahara, the most well-known are the West African kingdoms of Ghana, Mali, Songhai and Benin. By 1066, the year of the Norman invasion of England, ancient Ghana was at the apogee of its glory and was the most powerful kingdom in West Africa. Its capital El Ghaba, so vividly described by the Arab geographer al-Bakri, has been excavated.

By 1346, the year of the battle of Crécy, the Ghana Empire had collapsed. It was overrun by the Mali kingdom, which now comprised the whole of the Western Sudan from Senegal to most of what is now Northern Nigeria. It was ruled in the fourteenth century by the almighty Mansa Musa, whose lavish gifts of gold at Cairo on his pilgrimage to Mecca are said to have had an inflationary effect on the Egyptian currency.

On the fourteenth-century Mali the Arab traveller, Ibn Battuta, made this comment:—

> The Negroes possess some admirable qualities. They are seldom unjust,

> and have a greater abhorrence of injustice than any other people. Their Sultan shows no mercy to anyone who is guilty of the least act of it. There is complete security in their country. Neither traveller, nor inhabitant in it, has any fear from robbers or men of violence. They do not confiscate the property of any White man who dies in their country, even if it be unaccounted death.

The African does not talk religion; he practises it. He does not sit around theorizing on the nature of goodness: rather, he tries to practise it. "True religion," wrote Robert Ingersoll, "is not a creed—it is a life." Less spiritual than the Asiatic, I think, the African is more spiritual than the European. It seems that, set between the West where the mind prevails over soul and the East where the soul prevails over the mind, the chief African feature might be a balance of soul and mind.

The African continent today truly starts from the south of the Sahara; the North African countries, Morocco, Egypt, Tunisia and Algeria, have greater ties with Asia and Southern Europe. One who has not been to Africa may not, perhaps, be able to distinguish one inhabitant from another: the very dark-skinned Sudanese Negroes of West Africa from the lighter-skinned Bantus occupying most of the territory south of the equator; from the Bushmen of the Kalahari desert and the Hottentots of the south-west and the Pygmies of the Congo. And then there is the Hamitic Negro of East and North-East Africa.

African culture, in spite of its diversities, is a complex of activities, symbols, rhythms and ceremonies through which the African expresses his understanding of the world and society, an understanding resulting from insight and mutual sympathy rather than discursive thought. It is true that we have not produced a Tagore or a Shakespeare, or at any time ever produced an African equivalent of the *Ramayana* or the *Æneid*. The fact is that the African genius, being essentially different from the Asiatic or the European, has produced—and does produce—different fruits. The Ife bronze figures from Nigeria show that genius flourishes alike in huts and in mansions. The bronze figures are skilfully cast and date from the twelfth century onwards. They are masterly and vivid representations, with a naturalism akin to the best portraiture of Dynastic Egypt. Commenting on these bronze figures, the art critic of the *New York Times* expressed the opinion that "the casting of metal pieces by this so-called primitive people was such that it rivaled the casting of pieces by Cellini."

The chief obstacle in the way of the African sculptor is the lack of good, durable material. Most African sculpture is done on wood and this explains why most of the art treasures have perished or have not remained intact

till today. The African sculptor does not strive to represent an actual person. To represent a friend would be the height of insult; to represent an enemy would precipitate a riot between the families of the artist and his subject. But underlying this tradition, most probably, is fear of a visitation from the world of ancestors.

Use of comic metaphor and love of the fantastic and the macabre are the marks of the African sculptor. In order to inspire awe and reverence, the painter may resort to weird figures. Sometimes the imagery has so loose and general a relevance to the object which it seeks to represent that the feeling for nature evoked is sentimental.

African art is communal. Everybody participates, whether it be the decoration of the walls of the idol's house by women before the village feast or their singing of poems in the process. Every occasion is marked by singing, dancing and feasting—whether it be the receiving of a title or the celebration of a marriage, the birth of a child or the death of a chief.

Ancestors are remembered also. They come back from "spirit land" on important occasions, *viz.*, to settle long-standing disputes or to take part in a feast. They come in human form, covered with cloth from head to toe and wearing a hideous mask. This is to hide their identity and to terrify women and children. When I was young I used to believe it all, until, peeping through the key-hole of the room where an *mmanwu* was grunting, I saw the spirit drinking palm wine from a cow-horn—and who was this "spirit" but my own cousin!

The white man's ascendancy in Africa has disturbed the traditional life. I am not sure if Ibn Battuta's comment, quoted above, could hold today. The African, seeing the superiority of the rifle over the arrow and of antibiotics over the witch's potion, has thrown overboard much of his culture—even those aspects that are beneficial to him. The old order has collapsed, giving rise to semi-chaos. Today it is no longer the honest and hard-working man who is the hero. The hero is the lazy, corrupt policeman, politician or public servant. For, dazzled by flashy American cars, radio and television sets and the whole miscellany of technological gadgets, we have hugged the shadow but missed the substance. Hence the dejected African intellectual is urging a revival of our ancient culture.

To encourage interest in African culture, the African governments have introduced annual festivals of arts and crafts. There is also the growing feeling in some quarters that African Universities should replace the Classics with Ancient Egyptian and Classical Arabic, which are relevant to our culture. In the political sphere there is also a tendency to look back for inspiration to the days of African glory, to the days of Mansa Musa the

magnificent, to the golden age of Askia, the African Pericles. That is why the Gold Coast adopted the name Ghana after independence and French West Africa has become the Mali Federation. What is most essential, the *élites* think, is that a future Africa should be built on a judicious selection of what is best both in our culture and in European culture. This will build, they hope, the African personality.

It is not that the African has never had any personality, but that the African, victim to brutal historical forces for well over four centuries, is not quite himself. At first, it was *fear* of slave raiders, then *fear* of being driven away from one's land by European settlers and, finally, *fear* of European overlords: the history of Africa is writ in blood and terror. Such stresses as these have had an adverse psychological effect on the personality. With independence, the African will once more be able to take his right place in the comity of nations.

Every nation or people in this world has its contribution to make and this world will be the poorer with some of its members writhing under the heels of others. Just as Europe has given material progress to the world through science and technology, while India through her ancient philosophical systems disseminated good will and understanding among peoples of different races and cultures, Africa has some contribution to make. It is mostly in the new fields of psychics and para-psychology, or what we over here call "super science."

I believe that the African has made a very deep study of the uses to which the various tropical leaves and roots can be put. I present this claim because I have been an eye-witness to some of their uses. However, I reject the claim, often made, that these have any supernatural connection. "There can be nothing unnatural, or super-natural in Nature," said Leornado in Mikhail Naimy's *Till We Meet,* "even if it transcends the bounds of the usual and the familiar in the estimation of the eye-and-ear-bound wiseacres of the world." African "super science" is not a subject for the journalist or the test-tube scientist who accepts or rejects facts according as they fit into his preconceived dogmas; it is a topic for the philosopher-scientist. When Freud started his investigation into the nature of dreams he was ridiculed by his academic colleagues for invading the field of savages. Today we are all familiar with the field of psychoanalysis.

The continent of Africa is shaped like a big question mark. Might something surprising not come out of Africa?

A. Nwankwo Ezeabasili

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

"A LIFETIME OF STUDY AND THOUGHT"*

EVERY HISTORIC DEMOCRACY in the West has been more insistent upon rights than upon duties. This is a fact which is cited as a weakness by these democracies' critics. In India Dr. Radhakrishnan has shifted the emphasis. The essence of democracy is, according to him, "consideration for others" and "social justice is not a scheme of rights but of opportunities." Professor Wadia in these essays points out that this difference in attitude is one of the things which give Indian democracy a different colouration.

He also calls our attention to the parallel between the world situation today and that in Plato's time many centuries ago. We live in a time when democracy as historically developed in the Western hemisphere appears to be unable to maintain itself against the totalitarianism which, in one form or another, now covers such a large part of the globe. Plato wrote the *Republic* at a time when Periclean democracy had failed to meet the challenge of the militarism of Sparta. He advocated an absolutist aristocracy based upon the inequality of natural endowments and made his famous recommendation, paternalistic rule by philosopher-kings. Vinoba Bhave recommends rule by sages, men of steadfast wisdom whose knowledge is immutable. In India Mahatma Gandhi, Jawaharlal Nehru, Dr. Rajendra Prasad and Dr. Radhakrishnan are the acknowledged leaders of the people and the responsibility of ruling the country has been given to them. Rulers with a philosophy, or at least an ideology, are in demand in other parts of the world also.

Later, in the *Laws,* Plato seems to recover some of his regard for democracy and seeks to realize in the State a mean between democracy and aristocracy. He defines his aristocracy as an aristocracy of virtue and intellect. Dr. Radhakrishnan, on the other hand, seeks to reconcile aristocracy and democracy not in the State but in caste. Indeed, he seems to identify caste with class. Mahatma Gandhi, however, gave reality to his political agitation by recognizing and fighting the evils of caste, and an attempt to enforce untouchability is now an offence punishable by law.

Dr. Radhakrishnan's by-passing of the State in social matters is significant. In India the consciousness of the State has been peculiarly weak. State activity has been responsible for many of the great measures for the uplift of mankind that have been taken in the West. This has not been the case in India. The State in India has historically been more of a political than a social organization and it has generally been an involuntary organization based upon force. There is a tendency to regard it as such still, and the attitude towards the State of the common people, and of the intellectuals as well, is confused. Any democratic State is a voluntary organization based upon consent and unites the social and political aspects of the common life. The progress of India will depend on the degree to which the State undertakes the task of creating a new outlook and doing away with social evils, and to the extent it is successful in enforcing the laws it

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* *The Philosophy of Mahatma Gandhi and Other Essays Philosophical and Sociological.* By A. R. WADIA. (The University of Mysore. 745 pp. 1958. Rs. 20.00)

makes.

The development of democracy in India is complicated by these and other factors Professor Wadia discusses. One thing is certain — Indian democracy will be different from the democracy that has developed in the West. How far it will be able to answer the challenge of totalitarianism remains to be seen. Professor Wadia thinks the weaknesses in a State only serve to show that it has not attained its full growth. The same may be said of democracy.

Fifty of the essays in this volume are sociological and seventeen philosophical. All of them have appeared before in various journals in India, England and the United States. They represent a lifetime of study and thought. Professor Wadia's boldness is shown in his having taken the philosophy of Mahatma Gandhi as the subject of his presidential address at the Indian Philosophical Congress as early as 1930. (In 1960, for the same Congress, a philosopher who had been invited to write on the subject of *ahimsa* declined, giving as his excuse the current political tension with China.)

Professor Wadia's students are not the only ones who are happy to have his writings in book form. He deals with a wide range of subjects and a reviewer cannot do more than indicate briefly the interest he arouses and the contribution he makes to the clarification of issues upon a correct understanding of which the future depends.

LILA RAY

"ONLY... AIDS TO FINAL ENLIGHTENMENT" *

BUDDHISM, as is well known, sprang from Hindu soil; and it seems to be generally conceded that many Buddhist and Christian viewpoints may be found existing in it side by side. Buddhism shares with Hinduism a common background and terminology; which fact Mr. Osborne recognizes as important because it means that the "historicity of Hinduism," as now understood by modern scholars, can be ignored in favour of more fruitful lines of interpretation and exploration. The view taken by many of the forward-looking thinkers is that any and every religious doctrine may be regarded as a choice of possible paths by following which illumination can be attained, provided only it be used as a *means* to this end and not regarded as the *end* in itself; from which it follows that it should be discarded, or substituted for another, when it has attained its limited objective. Thus the Four Noble Truths of Buddhism led naturally to the announcement of the Noble Eightfold Way. Thus the same spiritual vision led Jesus of the Christian Scriptures to refer to himself as "The Way and the Life." Similarly, the Chinese regarded the Tao as "the Way."

It would seem that Mr. Osborne means us to regard all religious doctrines or philosophies of life as only temporary aids to final enlightenment. And therefore he warns us that, unless we look upon them as only provisional, the result will be "spiritual emasculation." Belief in the spirit of any doctrine must of course always precede its formalized theological construction, which then again should serve only as a guide and an inspiration for actual living. Religious thought today should be prepared to discard many of the old readings of the world's ancient Scriptures.

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* *Buddhism and Christianity in the Light of Hinduism*. By ARTHUR OSBORNE. (Rider and Company, London, 164 pp. 1959. 15s.)

and offer welcome to more fluid and flexible interpretations of the great Central Truth, which is at the heart of all the different creeds. All particular convictions, all definite principles, all clear-cut formulæ and fixed ideas, are really only useful "prejudices," which always tend to a narrowing and cramping of the human mind. "Every special belief," warned Amiel in his famous *Journal*, "represents a stiffening and thickening of thought; a stiffening, however, which is necessary in its time and place." Thus the religious philosopher must ever be prepared to overleap the boundaries of time and space, and adapt his intellectual constructions closer to the realities and needs of the human situation of his day.

The various movements of religious thought throughout the centuries have been too fleeting and fluctuating for it to be easy for anyone to follow any clear strand running through the many colourful expressions of man's spiritual aspirations from earliest times down to the present.

Mr. Osborne has undertaken a formidable task in discussing the great creeds of Buddhism, Christianity and Hinduism. And, seeing that they have all been considerably modified by discard or accretion during the passage of the centuries, it is impossible for him to attempt more than haphazard and provisional guesses, comparisons and comments. This, however, he has done with considerable skill and understanding, with the result that we have a book of genuine and positive value. But, even so, a number of readers may conceivably feel that it leaves some formidable questions — like the truth about *Karma* and *Nirvana* — unresolved or only partly illuminated.

Mr. Osborne most wisely warns that the various world religions are frequently treated "as museum pieces and analysed for correspondences, borrowings, influences. . . ." All too often everything about them is studied except their essential inner spirit; and thus what is really vital in them is glossed over or ignored altogether. Mr. Osborne quite properly would discourage this profitless type of study, and pleads for more positive and direct spiritual enlightenment at the hands of modern thinkers. His aim seems to be to focus attention upon the central spiritual wisdom at the heart of all religious beliefs; and he therefore regards their creedal differences as only superficial wrappings.

After reading his book, will not some people be left with the thought that, because the world has in the past been given so many and varied testimonies of the Godhead working among men, may not now the bravest gesture of faith in the Truth and the Way be a genuine willingness to envisage the possibility of direct Divine Revelation without the intermediacy of any further man-made doctrinal formulations? In this new phase of the human mind, we may witness beginning, however crudely and hesitatingly, the possibility of a pressure towards some decisive turn and advance of spiritual evolution. But it must have individuals through whom this pressure can emerge; for a mass experience or discovery or expression is not the method of nature. As Sri Aurobindo has said: "It is at some point or a few points that the fire is lit and spreads from hearth to hearth, from altar to altar."

VICTOR RIENAECKER

Albert Schweitzer: A Study of His Philosophy of Life. By GABRIEL LANGFELDT; translated from the Norwegian by MAURICE MICHAEL. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 119 pp. 1960. 12*s*. 6*d*.)

Dr. Langfeldt, commenting on one of Schweitzer's critics, says that the writing in question throws more light on the Professor himself than on Schweitzer. We cannot avoid the conclusion that the same judgment must be passed on this book. This is, in part, due to the circumstances of its writing. A recent visit of Schweitzer to Norway aroused bitter controversy as to his status as a Christian. Langfeldt's own articles, at the time, helped to stimulate this. He has no use for the "narrow intolerance" which he found in the "dogma-ridden confessionalism" of many Norwegian churchmen and contrasts their attitude with Schweitzer's endeavours to follow in Jesus' steps. Further, he considers that the views of those on the other side were based on a superficial, even erroneous, understanding of Schweitzer's philosophy. The study of his writings shows that Schweitzer's

> concept of God and his whole view of man and the purpose of existence diverge so radically from the dogmatic view of Christianity held in Norway, that it is understandable that the question of whether or not he can be regarded as a Christian can be looked at from a number of different angles. . . .

Like many before him, this author finds clues to the complex personality of his subject in the *Memoirs of Childhood and Youth*, but, significantly, he makes no reference to the Easter experience which led the brilliant young Alsatian to the jungle of Lambarene. Most of Schweitzer's later works are searched for further evidence, following up Langfeldt's dominant clue to the riddle — the fact that Schweitzer is *agnostic* in philosophy of life but becomes an *ethical mystic* when contemplating the will to live and reverence for life. It is when the author leaves the controversial issue and concerns himself with the positive aspects of his hero that the book comes to life. The emerging picture gives ample evidence as to why some Christians are troubled. Schweitzer, of course, does not fit neatly into any pattern. As to the major question, "Is Schweitzer a Christian?" it all depends, as the author agrees, on the meaning you give to "Christian." The account here given of Schweitzer's theology would hardly pass the test. The question arises, however, whether Dr. Langfeldt's polemic against some interpretations of Christianity has not led him to ascribe to Schweitzer something less than is the case. The evidence of life, work and influence hardly harmonizes with the rather inadequate conceptual basis here adumbrated.

MARCUS WARD

A Critique on the Vivarana School: Studies in Some Fundamental Advaitist Theories. By BRATINDRA KUMAR SENGUPTA. (Firma K. L. Mukhopadhyay, Calcutta. 278 pp. 1959. Rs. 12.00)

In the post-Śaṁkara age the stream of Advaitic thought developed into two well-defined channels, the one inspired by the *Bhāmatī* of Vācaspatimiśra and the other by the *Vivaraṇa* of *Prakāśātman*, the most important commentary on the *Pañcapādikā* of Padmapāda. Though both claim to represent the original teaching of Śaṁkara, there are certain important differences between these two schools. While the latter school, for instance, believes in the theory of reflection (*Pratibimbavāda*), the former holds to the theory of delimitation (*Avacchedavāda*).

It is the latter school that is the subject of the present thesis, which earned its author the D. PHIL. degree of the Calcutta University in 1956. Of the nine sections (*varṇakas*) of the *Pañcapādikā* and its *Vivaraṇa* the author is content with a purview of only the first, wherein he finds the "different

crucial problems and their answers." This section is analyzed by him into ten different chapters, which discuss subjects like the "Rational and Logical Background of Vedanta," *Adhyāsa* and the theory of Error, different theories of Self and the image-character of the *Jīva*.

Some of the long-winding sentences of the author, making a grotesque mixture of Sanskrit and English words, make the reader feel that he is treated to a verbatim rendering of the original rather than to its interpretation. The Appendix which lists the important works of the *Vivaraṇa* School should include the *Pañcaprakriyā* of Sarvajñātman (Madras, 1946). The recent edition of the *Pañcapādikā* and *Vivaraṇa* published by the Madras Government gives, not only the commentary of Nṛsimhāśrama, noted by the author (p. 271) as unpublished, but also three other important glosses of Ātmasvarūpa, Vijñānātman and Citsukha. The Errata at the end do not exhaust the printing errors in the book. None of these remarks is intended to discourage the future efforts of the author, whose youthful zest emboldened him to venture into a text difficult even for mature minds.

H. G. NARAHARI

Ernest Benn: Counsel for Liberty. By DERYCK ABEL. (Ernest Benn, Ltd. London. 192 pp. Illustrated. 1960. 21*s*.)

Sir Ernest Benn was a Liberal of the old school and an uncompromising individualist: he shared firmly with Adam Smith the belief that the best government is that which interferes least with the people.

Abel's study of Benn's philosophy is written with admiration, respect and sympathy. Benn lived in a period when England was the workshop of an expanding world, a time in which the assumption of risks by individuals was essential to development. He spent all his time in the publishing business, where personal judgments were highly necessary.

He was, therefore, a passionate advocate of that individual freedom that had paid so handsomely in the past. He saw in the profit motive, not only an incentive, but the means whereby resources were channelled into the most productive uses. What he did not realize is that the most productive enterprise is not necessarily the most desirable. Some of his ideas, too, were petty, as his refusal to fill up his census form — though this may have been showmanship on his part.

However, it is indeed a fine thing that this work should bring Benn's philosophy before us. It is a breath of fresh air in these days of bureaucracy when some little jack-in-office, with no incentive save the little required to keep his miserable job, can dictate to us in the name of the State. It is an indictment of the paper work of today that the amount of clerical work per unit of production is constantly rising all over the world. More than this, we are in danger of having our essential liberties curtailed by edict or ordinance without either the judiciary or Parliament being directly involved, a circumstance to which Viscount Hewart drew our attention thirty years ago.

It is right therefore that we should be pertinently reminded that, contrary to the belief held by half the world, the individual is more important than the State. But . . . times have changed. Aid to underdeveloped countries, for instance, is beyond the power of any one man, and fiscal policy in the right hands can be a good instrument of government — a thesis which would have been denied by Benn.

L. DELGADO

The Blind Seer: George Matheson. By JOHN CREW TYLER. (Philosophical Library, New York. 175 pp. 1959. $4.75)

Among the half-a-dozen distinguished personages that adorned the Church of Scotland in the latter half of the nineteenth century, the Rev. Dr. George Matheson, the blind seer, was a distinguished and a well-beloved personality. Dr. Matheson has been hailed as the apostle of reconciliation. His presentation of the Christian doctrine was characterized by a liberal point of view and a gift of seeing merit in differing approaches and bringing them together by a luminous emphasis on fundamentals. Dr. Tyler, in this penetrating study, has painted a fascinating picture. We see vividly a preacher of moral power, a distinguished writer of devotional books which impressed Queen Victoria and Tennyson, a poet and, above all, a Christian who triumphed over a serious physical deprivation by innate strength of soul and made an indelible impression on four generations of church-lovers in Scotland.

In this well-planned book Dr. Tyler has presented his subject in a lucid manner, bringing out the essential features of the great divine's approach to religion, his theism and his interpretation of doctrine. The best chapter of the book is undoubtedly that on Matheson as a preacher. It reveals a truly attractive personality. We see Dr. Matheson as a pulpit orator of the highest order — his imaginative style of expression, his poetic gifts, and, above all, his power of inspiring his congregation to a life of religion. It is surprising that the learned author has not provided one or two portraits of the great divine.

We rise from a perusal of this book feeling uplifted by the Christian life lived by one of the noblest of Scottish divines of the last century.

D. GURUMURTI

Nehru: A political Biography. By MICHAEL BRECHER. (Oxford University Press, London. xvi+682 pp. Illustrated. 1959. 42*s.*)

Professor Brecher has attempted a formidable task. Shri Nehru's upbringing in India and England, the influence of his father, family and powerful personalities around him, his hopes and disillusionments, all have to be recounted if the man himself is to be understood. But this is a political biography, and so some forty years of India's politics, during which Shri Nehru was in the thick of the fray, have to be sketched in and issues of great importance carefully detailed. Years of national independence, too, demand a picture of the whole international scene, that we may understand and measure the policies and actions of the man who was by then at the helm. For one book, these are heavy demands.

Undaunted, Professor Brecher has gone to work with a will, reading published and unpublished governmental, party and personal papers and letters, interviewing key figures, including Shri Nehru himself, and asking the right questions. Helped by the training of a political scientist at a distinguished Canadian University, he also helps the reader by writing clear English — a gift that such training does not always encourage. The result is a credible picture of Shri Nehru and a readable story of his times. It may not satisfy everyone, but it contains enough evidence for readers to draw different personal conclusions on his character and achievements. Though the necessities of brevity oblige the author to give more space to his subject's views and their justification than to those of his critics, enough is said to enable a reasonable person to appreciate both

the greatness and the limitations of the man, and to see him both shaping and being shaped by the people and events of his day.

The Nehru who emerges from these pages is a sensitive, at times impetuous man, often wearied but not coarsened by political life, emotionally responsive to the mood of his surroundings, but deeply attached to only a chosen few over many years. Strongly, one gets the impression that he enjoys a fight and fights well only when he is convinced of the absolute wrongness of his opponents, but that his comprehending mind and the nature of the situations in which he has found himself have constantly denied him the luxury of such certainty; clear issues of right *versus* wrong have been few in his eyes. Hence, to the passionate or single-minded crusader he has been only sometimes an heroic leader, often a disappointment. Instead, his service to his party, and to his nation, has been that of the leader who holds his people together, reconciling, mediating, compromising, persuading, even urging, but never going so far or so fast as to break up the ranks. A thankless rôle, really, although many millions still thank him. And Professor Brecher can only leave us wondering not where Nehru himself wants India to go, but where Congress and the Indian people will allow this very civilized man to take them by persuasion only. So, too, in international politics, the world knows how Nehru wishes India to behave, but no one can say whether the world will let him let India behave in such a way.

Wisely, the author does not attempt to weigh Shri Nehru in the scales of contemporary history. Great leaders can only be judged by comparison with those before and after them. Independent India has had no "before"; so everything depends on who comes "after." By Nehru's successors' fortunes ultimately men will judge whether a sterner, tougher, morally "worse" man could have done better; but on the evidence of this story so far it seems unlikely that a better man could have done better.

ALAN DE RUSETT

Challenges to Contemporary Medicine: Bampton Lectures in America, Delivered at Columbia University in 1953. By ALAN GREGG. (Columbia University Press, New York. 120 pp. 1956. $3.00)

Dr. Alan Gregg, who has been on the staff of the Rockefeller Foundation for many years and on retirement now holds the position of Vice-President Emeritus of it, introduces the term "Great Medicine" in discussing medicine and the medical profession. In order to understand the meaning of "Great Medicine" in any country, one must study its historical, social, cultural, economic and scientific nature. Within "Great Medicine" he includes the teaching and the practice of medicine and research in all its roots and branches.

The main threads in the argument are that medicine has made progress not yet fully appreciated; that it offers the means for modern man to have life abundantly; that medical care deserves to be held on a par with food, clothing and housing as one of the essentials of keeping alive; that serious and even threatening factors are now affecting the teaching and practice of medicine and medical research; and finally that a way exists that will help to defray the cost of adequate medical care, education and research, and that we must provide for the training and future careers of all the professions involved in curative and preventive medicine and in rehabilitation of the physi-

cally handicapped.

There has undoubtedly been a general improvement in the health of the human race during the last hundred years. This includes a reduction in the incidence of disease, a reduction of its severity, a shortening of its duration and convalescence, the alleviation of pain, a more frequent and more nearly complete restoration of function, a postponement of death — in short a more abundant state of health and well-being and a lengthening of the span of life.

Dr. Gregg rightly says that we should not grudge the medical schools the cost of preparing doctors to protect ourselves and our children. If Americans each set aside a hundred dollars a year for sickness insurance, we should have sixteen billion dollars for education, research, medical care and the preventive measures that would reduce the need for medical care. Medical science with sixteen billion dollars could give a service the like of which has never been known, a service of a thoroughness, convenience and efficacy such as to reduce the incidence, the severity and the cost of preventing illness in our population.

Dr. Gregg has visited many countries and is no stranger to India. Not so long ago, he attended the Conference on Medical Education held in New Delhi and gave us the benefit of his advice. He is an outstanding figure in the medical profession today. Although this book is addressed primarily to the U.S.A., it will be welcomed in other countries also.

S. L. BHATIA

Some Problems of Sanskrit Poetics. By SUSHIL KUMAR DE. (Firma K. L. Mukhopadhyay, Calcutta. 267 pp. 1959. Rs. 15.00)

This is a volume of collected papers on Sanskrit Poetics which lay scattered in a number of Oriental journals. These studies supplement the erudite author's two volumes on the subject, which have remained for many decades standard works of reference. It is to Dr. De again that we owe the *editio princeps* of Kuntaka's *Vakroktijīvita* and Abhinavagupta's *Locana* on the fourth chapter of the *Dhvanyāloka*.

Despite the varying lengths of papers included in the volume — the first on "The Problem of Poetic Expression" runs to fifty-three pages while the one on Bhānudatta occupies four pages — and the unavoidable unevenness in the treatment of diverse subjects like "The Curtain in Ancient Indian Theatre" and "The Problem of Bharata and Ādibharata," the uniform merit that stands out is the author's application of the historical sense to traditions of Sanskrit Poetics. The style is vigorous and elegant, and the work a demonstration of sustained critical insight. The articles on "The Theory of Rasa," "Bhāmaha's Views on *Guṇa*," and "Ānandavardhana on *Saṅghaṭanā*" are but a few examples of a penetrating and perceptive analysis which can never date. We have also in this collection reprints of the author's critical editions of parts of *Locana* and *Abhinavabhāratī*.

The formal and normative disciplines of *Alaṅkāra, Guṇa, Rīti, Rasa, Dhvani* and *Vakrokti* in Sanskrit Poetics are rather severely judged in the light of "modern æsthetic" in the first monograph. Much work has been done since Croce in æsthetic analysis, and perhaps one can yet find something more than "mere labels" in Sanskrit theories if one takes full account of the vast material of illustrative verses furnished by the ancient writers. If literary analysis, however close, cannot assess of

explain or prove the quality of a literary work, neither can these ends be properly achieved without literary analysis. What Bacon calls the dangerous bent of human minds to delight "in the spacious liberty of generalities as in a champaign region" may vitiate the judgment not only of an ancient theorist but also of a modern scholar.

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

Ramayana. By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI. (Bhavan's Book University. Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. 337 pp. 1957. Rs. 2.00; 3*s.* 6*d.*; 90 cents)

Mahabharata by C. Rajagopalachari was the first number of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan series and now comes the forty-fourth volume — *Ramayana* by the same esteemed friend. Rajaji says in his preface:—

> They [the two books] embody the best joy I have experienced.... The real need of the hour is a re-communion between us and the sages of our land, so that the future may be built on rock and not on sand.

Rajaji seems to think that Valmiki embodied an old tradition in his poem. But it is clear that he was a contemporary of Rama. The author says that in the poem Rama is portrayed "as a great and unique man, not as an incarnation of God." In the poem Rama is called by many characters an incarnation. Rajaji himself treats Rama as an incarnation in his epilogue.

Rajaji says that the Ahalya episode shows sin is wiped out by penitence and devotion to God (p. 31). His story of Bharata's high-mindedness is fascinating and impressive (pp. 99 to 132). The later events also are grippingly described. The doctrine of surrender and grace as represented in the episode of Vibhishana is delineated very well. Rajaji does not seem to like the slaying of Vali and the banishment of Sita but other views are possible about these episodes.

Rajaji has condemned the new atheistic school of carping criticism of the *Ramayana* that has been lifting up its head here and there in Tamilnad.

Rajaji's epilogue is a literary and spiritual gem. He says: "In love that is not opposed to Dharma we find a manifestation of God.... Sita is the embodiment of compassion and grace. ... God as Father and God as Mother are not distinct." (p. 325)

This is a great work by a great man on a great theme, and the world must be grateful to him for it.

K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI

The Viziers of Bassora. By SRI AUROBINDO. (Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. 202 pp. 1959. Rs. 6.00)

This book is one of the earliest works of Sri Aurobindo and has been literally brought back from the limbo. Sri Aurobindo seems to have had an especial fondness for this youthful literary effort of his and hence it was particularly mentioned in the Introduction to the *Collected Poems and Plays* as one of the two works that had been lost "in the course of the many turmoils and vicissitudes that a busy political life had meant in India at the beginning of the century."

The manuscript of this play was an exhibit in the famous Alipore Conspiracy Case and had been gathering dust in the court archives for nearly half a century. Thanks to the alert curiosity of a record-keeper, it was recovered and saved just as it was being disposed of as waste paper. *The Viziers of Bassora* is a dramatic romance and recounts how the alchemy of true love transmutes the profligate Nuredene, the volatile son of Alfazzal, the

Chief Vizier. The story centres upon the two families of Alfazzal Ibn Sawy and Almuene bin Khakan, both Viziers of Mohamad bin Suleiman of Zayni, King of Bassora.

As a play, this bears unmistakable signs of having been composed in Sri Aurobindo's early days. The character of Almuene bin Khakan, the wicked Vizier, has not been relieved by any single noble trait. He is arrogant, foul-mouthed and has hardly any human kindness in his hateful make-up. The dramatist has used contrast very skilfully to bring home the moral lesson that the play seeks to inculcate. The bad Vizier comes to grief because he is fundamentally wrong and his honest counterpart thrives as he is God-fearing, dutiful and mindful of the moral principles that govern this world. The character of the slave-girl, Anice al-jalice, has been very subtly shaped and is tinged with the delicate hues of the romantic imagination.

The get-up and printing of the book testify to the meticulous care that the Aurobindo Ashram bestows upon its publications. The place that Sri Aurobindo occupies in the literary firmament belongs to him for ever and this book will always have an important value to students of his work as a whole.

DILIP KUMAR SEN

The Leaves Still Talk. By DAVID KALUGIN. (Villiers Publications, Ltd., London. 67 pp. 1959. $2.00)

Mr. Kalugin has a poet's "extra-sensory perceptions." Living in America, where "the machine muscles us aside to make room for the next generation," where progress is shaped upon punch paper tapes, he is able to see the truth of dreams and fairy tales, to cherish hope and love in a world of store fronts and elevated structures. If it is the business of the poet to live the life of his own day and relate it to the past and the future, to old traditions and new aspirations, to be at once a realist and a dreamer of dreams, Mr. Kalugin has won his place among the poets of today. He does not aim at whitewashing the modern world: he sees and notes the vulgarity, the hypocrisy, the inhumanity, the cruelty of it all. Unemployment, war, clean bombs — he brings out the horror and the suffering of these contemporary calamities. With an economy and precision of phrase which show his control of the medium of language he moves the reader to think and to feel with him. And, with the poet's extra-sensory perception, he sees another world and another space where "The leaves still talk. . . ." The world of the poet and the workaday world touch and belong together.

M. G. BHATE

My Heart Has Seventeen Rooms. By CAROL BARTHOLOMEW. (Jonathan Cape, London. 190 pp. 1960. 16*s*.)

While her husband was working as an American engineer on the new Bhakra Dam in the Punjab, Mrs. Bartholomew spent her time caring for the patients in the Bengal Hospital. The ghastly overcrowding, the shortage of basic medical necessities, the lack of enough food for the patients, the courage of the overworked Indian staff, the long-suffering and desperate poor who flocked for treatment from miles around, provide a story that is deeply moving.

Some of her countrywomen confronted by India's poverty decided that the millions would be "better off dead," and took refuge in bridge and canasta. But Mrs. Bartholomew, respecting the

right and the desire of even half-starved peasants to live, rolled up her sleeves and cheerfully set about helping them to do so.

She found the experience of working with Indians heart-warming, and has conveyed it with artless effectiveness. In some ways it was also heart-breaking. Her portrait of the talented Chief Medical Officer, Dr. Gurbux Singh Babbar, performing complex operations with rotten gut that snapped almost every time he pulled a stitch tight, is tremendously vivid, and so is her horror when she realizes that India is still using the supplies the Americans left behind after the war.

"I frequently find myself thinking of our hospitals at home with a passionate jealousy and hatred," she writes. "How dare they have so much when we have so little?"

In two and a half years she became identified with the hopes and fears, the day-to-day difficulties and triumphs over adverse conditions, of her Indian friends. Her relationship with Dr. Babbar and his wife Sheila, also a doctor, is sympathetically drawn. She came to know quite a wide circle in the little desert corner of a vast country. Her account of her cook, Ram, and the other Indian servants is one of human dignity and affection, and is refreshingly without sentimentality. Best of all are the descriptions of her patients, the little girl Nita, and the mad Sikh whose hair she washed at peril of her life.

The womanly way she goes about talking her husband into giving his blood for a transfusion, or persuading a village carpenter to make a wooden leg, reveal a keen sense of humour. The more serious hospital sequences are interspersed with charming vignettes of Indian daily customs, and the amusing adjustments her husband and three boys had to make for their stay in a strange land.

Mrs. Bartholomew protests that she does not pretend to give a picture of Indian life, but she does this much more perceptively than many a more experienced writer who claims to cover the whole country.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

India and Japan: Friends of Fourteen Centuries. By CHAMAN LAL. (Author, V.V.R. Institute, Hoshiarpur. 230 pp. Illustrated. 1959. Rs. 20.00)

Rabindranath Tagore wrote after his visit to Japan:—

> I have travelled in many countries and have met with men of all classes, but never in my travels did I feel the presence of the human so distinctly as in this land . . . in Japan . . . you see a people whose heart has come out and scattered itself in profusion in its commonest utensils of everyday life, in its social institutions, in its manners, which are carefully perfect, and in its dealings with things which are not only deft but graceful in every movement.

Since the above was written, the military clan in Japan, deprecated by the poet, has fought the Second World War. Yet the above description remains true today of the Japanese people as a whole, including the democratized Royalty and the industrial classes of Japan.

After the deadly scars of war, Japan has travelled a long way since 1946; and it speaks highly of the nation's character and sense of discipline that within less than fifteen years it has, like Germany, regained its economic equilibrium, political stability and spiritual balance.

Bhikshu Chaman Lal's book emphasizes these aspects of the resilience and vitality of the Japanese people and draws significant, but not so widely known, parallels between the religious and cultural traditions and values of Japan and India. Japan was

profoundly influenced as early as 552 A.D. by the religious doctrine of Buddhist India, which was carried to Japan *via* China by a Korean evangelist. Indian Buddhist savants thereafter landed on the hospitable shores of Japan from the seventh century onwards, and an eager nation imbibed the best they had to offer by way of religious practice and philosophy, ritual, art and culture.

Japan has been profoundly eclectic from its early development, as can be seen from what it gathered centuries ago from Korea, China and India and, in more recent years, from various countries of the West. But whatever it imbibed from outside, it has always known how to assimilate to her own traditions, values and culture. It is to her credit that she has not allowed the sterling worth of her own indigenous civilization to be submerged under the dross of alien superficialities.

Bhikshu Chaman Lal has quoted profusely from Japanese and other authors, who give us a glimse of what the Japanese think about their Indian heritage. It is perhaps not known that some of the earliest recensions of Indian hagiographic, philosophical and doctrinal writings are to be found in Japan, well preserved by a people who has a much better appreciation of history than Indians have displayed in the past.

The book is profusely illustrated with photographs. Its twenty chapters bearing on the religious, artistic, cultural and phlosophical life and traditions of the people of Japan merit a careful perusal.

J. F. BULSARA

New World Writing No. 15. (A Mentor Book. New American Library of World Literature, New York. 345 pp. 1959. 75 cents)

No reviewer could ask for a light work to arrive at a more propitious moment for review than did this pocket collection of published stories, poems and articles by authors from all over the world. For the bedside, the hospital, the railway or just for odd moments, this book is worth its 75 cents. The contents are refreshingly new. How many have read poems from Ghana or Iceland, or met Dante in a new translation or have had a chance of sampling much of Pasternak? They are all here and much more; photographs, too, of an intriguing nature with explanations on a separate page so that one can read what one will into them at first sight. Advice to budding authors can be found, a peep behind the scenes of publishing and a bibliography of world periodicals with their interests and addresses, invaluable for the short-story-writer. Herein I read the most eloquent appeal ever for vegetarianism, by a Ghana poet, and the Irish contributor brought back a whiff of the turf smoke. But I liked best of all the seasonable tale of Greek folklore in a Christmas setting. Yes, buy this book or give it away as a present, but make sure you read it yourself first!

SRAMANERA JIVAKA

Logosophy: Science and Method. By CARLOS BERNARDO GONZALES PECOTCHE. (Philosophical Library, New York. 103 pp. 1959. $3.75)

Logosophy claims to be a "science of creative wisdom," a conclusive science, which, unlike philosophy, starts from truth and proceeds to the individual.

It claims to be an "answer to the persistent desire of man to link himself metaphysically to God." The psychological energies of the individual are categorized into three systems — mental, sensory and instinctive. The mental system is divided into lower and higher mind, dealing with material needs and with creative activity, respectively. Instincts are characterized as psycho-emotional reactions of a violent, ignoble nature. Though the chapters appear similar to those found in books on psychology, the interpretations are not clear. Ample use is made of long-discarded, much-disputed, ambiguous psychological terminology — *e.g.*, "faculties," "instincts," etc. There is no justification for the claim that Logosophy "revolutionizes the ideas about the psychology of man heretofore known."

Books on religion and philosophy create in man an awareness of the higher reaches of the human mind, in a synthetic way. Some branches of psychology, *e.g.*, parapsychology, serve a similar purpose at their own level, through an analytical and experimental approach. Books on "self-improvement" that usually pass under the misnomer "practical psychology," emphasize the vast intellectual and spiritual potentialities of man and the possibilities of self-elevation through resolute, conscious effort. There is nothing unique about Logosophy.

"Logosophy helps man with his manifold problems" — a general book of this kind cannot be a practical solution to individual problems, nor can it strengthen the mind to face problems. It is too intricate a treatise to be of practical use to the layman and too speculative to capture the scientific mind.

KAMALA GOPAL

A SHAKESPEARE COURSE

AN INTERESTING COMBINATION of forces is promised in a project initiated by the Finchley Public Libraries, North London, for the months of April to November. It began with the B.B.C. announcement of the televising of Shakespeare's historical plays at fortnightly intervals during those months. The University of London Department of Extra-Mural Studies readily agreed to sponsor a special course, "Shakespeare's Royal Theme," directed by the well-known lecturer and writer, Roy Walker. (Readers of THE ARYAN PATH will remember his article "The Problem of Free Will in Shakespeare," January 1954.) The television equipment for the course is being provided by the Finchley Libraries, and, in addition, the group will listen to the Marlowe Society records of *King John*. These are part of a series of the recorded plays made by amateur players, University students, chosen by the producer in preference to professional actors, as examples of quality in speaking Shakespearean verse. The course includes lectures and discussions, in which the producer, and some of the actors, of the telecast plays will possibly also take part. A similar course with the same lecturer is also being organized at Brighton by the Oxford University Extra-Mural Department. Though there are innumerable cultural groups in London and Great Britain, this experiment suggests further happy possibilities in the extension of cultural co-operation, and may stimulate other groups to similar action.

A LETTER FROM LONDON

DURING the first World War King George V changed the name of the Royal Family from Guelph to Windsor, because at that time the anti-German feeling in the United Kingdom took the form of a national hysteria. But King George and Queen Mary always spoke in German between themselves, and the Royal Family has made no attempt to live down its German origin.

On the contrary, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, who has shown courage and independence since her first public appearance, referred to her German origin in her speech at the banquet she gave to President Heuss during his State visit in October 1958.

Quite recently, the Queen announced to the Privy Council that it was her will and pleasure that all her descendants who would not enjoy the description of Prince or Princess, or the style of His or Her Royal Highness, should use the surname of Windsor-Mountbatten. Mountbatten is the family name of her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh.

This change put an end to an anomaly which was troubling some people who thought it contrary to the custom of the land that members of the Royal Family should use the name of the mother as a surname. It was open to the interpretation of being a denial that it is the father who is the head of a family.

There are newspapers which are always trying to make any matter connected with the Royal Family the subject of sensationalism or of anti-monarchical manifestations. One such example is *The Daily Express,* which seized upon the announcement made by the Queen in regard to her wish about the surname of her prospective grandchildren outside the line of succession to the Throne in order to parade the fact that Mountbatten is the name which was adopted by Prince Louis of Battenberg, when the name of the Royal Family was changed to that of Windsor.

Prince Louis of Battenberg was First Sea Lord — that is to say, Supreme Commander of the British Navy — when war broke out between the United Kingdom and Germany on August 4th, 1914. The brilliant efficiency of the Royal Navy was mainly due to his leadership. Moreover, he took the bold decision to keep the whole Fleet together after the review in July by the King at Spithead, because of the danger of war with Germany. That decision probably saved the United Kingdom from a naval disaster at the very outset of the war. Had the Fleet been dispersed to its peace-time stations, the German Fleet might have made a surprise attack upon any one of the units and annihilated it.

But Lord Northcliffe started a campaign in *The Daily Mail* to exploit the hysterical anti-German feeling, and Prince Louis was made a target on account of his German origin, despite his very close connection with the British Royal Family. As a result, he was forced to resign, and he was succeeded by Lord Fisher, whose eccentricities led to the building of the unarmoured battle-cruisers which were shot to pieces at the Battle of Jutland and very nearly brought a naval disaster upon the British Navy. He also resisted the convoying of merchant ships, which Lloyd George eventually forced upon the Admiralty. It was the convoying of merchant ships that defeated the German submarine campaign to starve the United Kingdom into surrender.

Therefore, the British people owe a debt of gratitude to the House of Battenberg, which Lord Mountbatten

of Burma — son of Prince Louis — has immensely increased. There is poetic justice in the fact that he filled the very position from which his father was driven out in 1915.

On December 29th, 1959, Mr. Aneurin Bevan underwent a major abdominal operation in the Royal Free Hospital, and after six weeks he returned to his Berkshire home. He is still very weak and quite unable to receive visitors. It is stated that it will be several months before he will be able to return to active political life.

The illness of Mr. Bevan occasioned what was certainly a very remarkable demonstration of the spirit of British politics. Mr. Bevan has not shown much enthusiasm for the monarchy in his public utterances, but he has been a Minister of the Crown. Queen Elizabeth, immediately she was informed of his illness, instructed inquiries to be made of his condition after the operation, and, with a graciousness and sympathy which must command the highest respect, wrote a personal letter to Mr. Bevan's wife, still widely known as Miss Jennie Lee, expressing sympathy and good wishes.

With equal promptitude members of the House of Commons of all parties inundated Miss Lee with letters of sympathy and good wishes. The battle-lines of party strife vanished in a moment, and everyone who knows Mr. Bevan as a supporter or an opponent either in Parliament or outside it hastened to offer comfort to Miss Lee and good wishes for Mr. Bevan's recovery. Concern for his health never diminished until his recovery was assured.

Of all the vicious things that Mr. Bevan has ever uttered nothing was worse than his attack, as a member of the Labour Government, upon Sir Winston Churchill for his restoration of the Gold Standard in 1925. Nevertheless, one of the warmest letters of sympathy and good wishes that Miss Lee received was from Sir Winston.

The illness of Mr. Bevan brought sharply into limelight the fact that in British politics there are no personal enmities arising out of political differences. Consequently, members of all political parties can meet each other on terms of amity and even form friendships without regard to political boundaries. Therein lies the explanation of the ease with which a Coalition Government can be formed in an emergency.

The Press echoed the politicians' feelings towards Mr. Bevan in his serious illness. Moreover, they paid tribute to his oratorical and dialectical abilities, irrespective of their party positions.

This is something that politicians in our country must grasp, if they are to make parliamentary government a success in India. If political differences are allowed to develop into personal hatreds, the system of parliamentary government cannot be made to work. Political parties have to live with each other. When a political controversy or a General Election is over, the combatants must return to being just men and women and loyal members of a single community. That is the true spirit of cricket.

SUNDER KABADI

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra,** Adviser for Asian Affairs, Congress for Cultural Freedom, writes in expectancy of meeting the novelist Lawrence Durrell and gives a hint of the quality of Mr. Durrells' writing.—ED.]

I EXPECT to meet Lawrence Durrell soon, which is largely why I have been reading his quartet of novels. There are many other reasons which encourage me to write about him. Durrell was born and brought up in India near the Tibetan border. From the window of his home he could see Mount Everest: he saw the greenest jungles and the whitest snow. His consciousness is saturated with the immediacy of a land in which magic and mystery dominate. He is poised like a bird between the wildest opposites.

I have been reading his famous quartet of novels, which some would acknowledge as a masterpiece approaching Proust and James Joyce. Lawrence Durrell is an Irishman who has made France his home because, according to him,

> it is the only country in which one can forget the colour of one's skin and where one feels related to everyday life: wanted!

Geographical exile is not important for Durrell. He keeps in touch with England and tries not to become a "professional foreigner." The novel quartet is an investigation of modern love — love as the *point-faible* of the psyche; human and divine love. Durrell holds that there is such a thing as modern love; but it is only a way of growing, a nourishment which prepares one for other problems, perhaps deeper ones. He attributes the success of his novel *Justine* in France to the fact that the French are more awake to ideas and less hypocritical than the English; for to the French love is a form of metaphysical inquiry.

Lawrence Durrell's novels are framed in the setting of Rhodes, Alexandria, Athens, Cairo. Colour is the reason why he chose Egypt, for he had to have enough colour to support four long volumes without being tedious. At first he started the book about Athens, then switched to Alexandria. There he had everything — different cultures, civilizations, religions — all together, so he could "keep his paint from drying until he had finished the whole canvas."

The theme of these novels is Alexandria, and some would say accusingly that Alexandria is a sink of iniquity. What is important in Durrell's work is not his "meli-melo," his hodge-podge of human emotions, but his great humanity. One becomes part of his world; one suffers with the characters and one admires the great tenderness Durrell has for all his creations, especially his women. Malisa, for instance, is an unhealed wound in many a reader's heart, as she is indeed in Durrell's. With Durrell the sense of being one with his experience and his characters is strangely vivid.

These four books are less separate works than a continually expanding and rewarding narrative, where some "fresh piece of information or someone else's more intimate knowledge changes the significance of what we have already learned." Only a superb writer could handle all these tortuous characters with success.

I shall enjoy meeting Lawrence Durrell in a few days. I deeply admire his style and his vital, luxuriant prose. He likes everyone, he says, but mostly people who know their job and do it with passion, whether plumbers or diplomats.

BALDOON DHINGRA

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"————————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

Lieut.-Col. Patrick Lort-Phillips, D.S.O., Liberal Party leader in Great Britain, whose little book, *The Logic of Defence,* has been highly praised for its courageous wisdom and good sense, gives further evidence of his percipiency in his review of Professor Jacques Barzun's *The House of Intellect* (*National and English Review,* February 1960). This book attacks the "patronage" of education, which treats it as though it were a form of welfare. It is popular especially in the U.S.A., but results in flooding universities and colleges with mediocrity to the detriment of real intellect. Lort-Phillips writes:—

> What we lack today is not knowledge but judgment: not facts which are accumulating in unmanageable quantities like radioactive wastes, but the courage to use facts critically for a given purpose. And here we come to the rock on which all secular educational systems flounder — purpose: an absolute value against which all our relative values are to be judged.

He points out that for the ancient Greeks that purpose was the service of the city-state. "The Absolute was transcendent," and the priest pointed the way. For the Marxist, the processes of history are already "scientifically determined" and he has only to go with the tide.

"But as soon as education becomes permissive, and not mandatory we are adrift on a boundless ocean," without landmark or star to steer by. Thus, driven by fear,

> small wonder then that "Togetherness" and social solidarity become the key values of our civilization. This is the dilemma of Freedom, the nemesis of Enlightenment. This is the bitter-tasting fruit of the Tree of Knowledge.

Yet he asserts that the intellect is still, of all the tools at man's disposal, "the sharpest, the keenest and the most essential," and that it must be used, since even "if the ends are veiled in mist, man still has a life to live."

To this diagnosis might be added some verses from Patanjali's *Yoga Aphorisms* which define the mind as the thinking principle, the organ of thought, modified by whatever subject or object comes before it:—

> From the fact that the soul is conjoined in the body with the organ of thought, and thus with the whole of nature, lack of discrimination follows, producing misconceptions of duties and responsibilities. This misconception leads to wrongful acts, which will inevitably bring about pain in the future.

Man's free self-consciousness is his tempting Satan, but also his Redeemer, for "the Universe . . . exists for the sake of the soul's experience and emancipation." And when the modifications of the mind are stilled, when the understanding and soul are united in the one centre, then man comes to the Self-knowledge that is not information but illumination. This is his true purpose.

A lecture by Dr. Alexander Kennedy, Professor of Psychological Medicine at Edinburgh University, to the Royal Institution, London (reported in the *Observer,* February 28th, 1960), aroused a public response in which, as in so many cases, it has been increasingly difficult to sift the truth from the welter of protest and counter-protest. But it is significant as another example of the increased interest in the power of one mind to enslave another (one of the seven ancient Gnostic arts of enchant-

ment), whether the process be called today "hypnotism," "brainwashing" or by some other term. Dr. Kennedy described some of the brainwashing processes used during the war — the disorientation of the subject's personality by various techniques, the creation of a special intimate link with the interrogator and the superimposition of a new pattern of thought and ideation according to the latter's scheme.

The Professor considered brainwashing ethically unjustified in peace time, but the knowledge that it gave of human consciousness could, he said, be used to help those whose state was already "somewhat similar to that of the disorientated prisoner in a monotonous environment" — the delirium cases in old people in wards, or perhaps the rootless juvenile delinquent.

Then came the press outcry, denials about the use of brainwashing in or by Britain, claims that the denials were evasive, etc. But whether the techniques were actually used on enemies, or only on volunteers in the British Services, in order to train them how to resist and overcome such techniques when they met them, is not so important. What is important is the increasing knowledge (or rather half-knowledge, for it is still dangerously empirical and materialistic) of what one writer has called "mental seduction." Psychoanalysis, (which Dr. Eysenck, in the January 1960 *Hibbert's Journal,* repudiated as having no real therapeutic value in psychiatry); hypnotism again coming to the fore in medical and non-medical fields; motivational market research now in vogue in the advertising world; high-sounding pseudo-scientific courses of self-development — all these are somewhat similar in character and in reaction. Dr. Kennedy compares brainwashing to an artificially induced mental illness, from which some subjects remain permanently "converted," while in others the effect dies out (apparently).

What is needed, surely, is a deeper understanding of the constitution of human consciousness, the difference between the *psyche* and the *nous* in man. The former, being "material," is subject to "conditioning." The latter, spiritual in nature, is not. Which does man think that he is? For on that depends his real sanity.

The seeds of *Satyagraha* (a title which conveys more than the words "passive resistance") were sown by Gandhiji in the nineteen-twenties, and at the time it seemed to most people to be unrealistic, but one can judge how much world thought has altered by the fact that now its manifestations are to be found all over the world wherever conditions provide an opportunity.

Last year in the "Deep South" of the United States of America, the Negro population, under the leadership of the Rev. Martin Luther King, "fought" the colour bar on buses in Montgomery, Alabama, by walking and refusing to use bus transport. It took them over a year to break through the segregation rules, but the experience gained and the success achieved has given an impetus to further effort.

The Congress of Racial Equality (CORE), founded in 1942 on Gandhian principles, has been able to take advantage of a movement, spontaneously originating in Greensboro, North Carolina, to break the colour bar at the chain-store snack counters, where coloured people have to stand, while the Whites are seated. Four students sat themselves at the counter one day and ordered coffee, and when this was refused, quietly remained in their seats until the store closed. The movement spread like wildfire, bringing some "White" sympathy, but also retaliation by violence and arrest. At the time of writing some 500 in 12 States have gone to prison, and though President Eisenhower has recognized the protest

demonstrations as proper, and deplored the violent attempts to deprive the Negroes of their rights, some Southern State authorities are making accusations of incitement.

What is of interest, however, is the increased use of training in the Gandhian techniques of non-violence that is being given by CORE, so that those who undertake the "demonstrations" can, by practice, learn to control the instinctive reaction to violence — beatings-up and other injuries. Their field secretary, Carey Gordon, is reported in the London *News Chronicle* (March 16th, 1960) as saying:—

> We always put it squarely to the students that if they are not prepared to submit to assault and imprisonment, then they must stay at home. Some have to do quite a bit of soul-searching but in the end very few refuse to take part. They soon realize that it is the sin, and not the sinner, they must hate.

Who can be totally pessimistic of the future while there are these valiant ones trying to bring a spiritual law of unity into action?

In spite of the heated controversy going on in the country about the continuance of the English language, it is obvious that it must remain one of the important literary faculties in our Universities, even in the event of an unforeseen future when the language will no longer be known to our administrators. There are several reasons for this confidence, the foremost of them being that for well over a century English has been the only European literature that has been studied in this country on a fairly wide scale. Further, the intellectual awakening and literary renaissance in India of the last century was due to a vigorous pursuit of English literature and thought. Finally, today, in the Indian literary scene English plays an important rôle and is likely to continue doing so, especially as an impetus to refinement in writing and correction in taste.

These ideas seem to be the background of the address of Professor N. K. Siddhanta, Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University, at the thirty-fourth All-India Educational Conference at Jabalpur recently. He said, according to a report in the *Times of India*:—

> The immediate substitution of regional languages for English will deprive students of the sheet-anchor of English books, which are still the main repositories of knowledge for higher education.

Although the utterance of such views has become out of fashion today, they are not any the less valid or timely as far as academic unity is concerned. He went further:—

> The emotional integration of the nation and the academic unity of India are still possible only through the medium of English.

Although admitting that the continuance of the English medium imposes a handicap on undergraduates, who do not come from secondary schools with the mastery of English which they formerly had, he suggested that the remedy lies not in abolishing English as a medium in the universities, but in its better teaching in schools.

Whatever may be the sentiments of those who favour the abolition of the English language, there is no denying that the scientific and technological progress of the country depends to a large extent on the continuation of English as the medium of instruction in our universities. Any other course will necessitate a wasteful overlapping in the production of textbooks in regional languages, whose resources do not yet seem equal to the task. This will not only involve long delay, but result in the lowering of academic standards.

Yet another factor to be taken into account is that the bond of academic unity between universities will be broken if each of them adopts a regional language as its medium. Not only will

such a short-sighted policy make them isolated and parochial islands of learning, but it will also retard the progress of the nation as a unified entity.

That religious groups are still far from enlightenment is proved by the Report submitted to the United Nations on discrimination in the matter of religious rights and practices. This Report, prepared by the Special Rapporteur, Dr. A. Krishnaswami, a Member of the Indian Parliament, also recommends certain basic rules for dealing with concrete problems which have emerged from the study. According to a summary of the report published by *The Statesman* (New Delhi):—

> Notwithstanding changes in the climate of opinion, equality of treatment is "not ensured for all religions and beliefs or for their followers, in certain areas of the world," says the report, but the trend is found to be unmistakably in the direction of tolerance.

If the aim of every religion is undoubtedly the same, namely, spiritual realization — elevation of the soul and attainment of equanimity and inner peace — then it is the ignorance or intentional neglect of the fundamentals of religion that makes any individual or group narrow-minded and bigoted. The Report submitted by the Sub-Commission on Prevention of Discrimination relates to certain manifestations which are so obviously contrary to morality, public order or the general welfare that public authorities should take measures to limit them or even to prohibit them altogether. Instancing such limitations, which are discriminatory by their nature, the Report adds:—

> Into this category fall such practices as the sacrifice of human beings, self-immolation, mutilation of the self or others and reduction into slavery... in the service of or under the pretext of promoting a religion or belief.
>
> The report suggests that considerations of social justice and equality "may be used to justify measures taken against polygamy." It has to be borne in mind, it says, that polygamy inevitably leads to inequality between the sexes.

The only true means to obviate discrimination, it is evident, lies in the comparative study of all the religions which alone can bring home to the blind followers of different religions the essential unity of their faiths. It is gratifying to note, however, that the report refers to a change in the attitude of a number of religions and beliefs, which in the past considered themselves to be the sole repositories of truth and were led by this certainty of conviction to "display a condescending or even belligerent attitude towards the State and towards other faiths."